

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 5.

TRANSPLANTED AMERICAN BEAUTY.

BY F. LESLIE BAKER.

THE American girl is always a mystery and a marvel and in her marriage with foreigners she has been criticised not only abroad but at home for wishing or even daring to give up or throw aside the republican principles which have been instilled from early childhood; but the irresistible charm which exalted rank has for one brought up with simple republican ideas is comparable with the change of religious belief of the Quaker who used to the severity and simplicity of his daily life turns to all the pomp and splendor of the Roman church.

Like Napoleon who was proud of being his own ancestor, an American girl who marries abroad is expected to be her own social progenitor. A gauze curtain is dropped between her and her immediate predecessors even, a curtain which alas! she learns in time to lift cautiously. It makes one necessarily indignant that in England, gentlefolk, ancestry and family traditions are left

out of all reckoning with Americans. This doubtless arises from the fact that the greater number of American girls



LADY HESKETH [MISS SHARCH].

Copyright, 1890, by THE COSMOPOLITAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

who marry abroad belong to a class that has no fixed habitation here. They are married with few exceptions for their money or the money they are supposed to have—an ugly fact but nevertheless a fact. The charms so much talked about are thrown in and are appreciated and come to the front after marriage rather than before. American fortunes are happy accidents, and are created as a rule by men who have been pioneers in a new country or who have made combinations between the east and the great west, interests and occupations that have made them and their families nomadic. Few American fortunes up to the present time have been inherited or have grown

out of local surroundings with which the possessors of them were born, so that the foreign heraldic stamp is generally put upon very new dollars; and far from bothering himself about a 'blot,' the foreigner looks for a very considerable 'dot' upon the 'scutcheon of his American bride.

It is not strange therefore that the question often arises, Do foreign marriages turn out happily for the American girl, or not? Transplanting is easy if the roots are not too deeply set. Unfortunately a standard for married happiness in general cannot be established like the French *mètre* for measurement up and down. One thing seems to be certain, that American girls who have married

foreigners may envy any other American girls who have done the same or they may envy the women around them who have not sacrificed their homes and country in marriage and with whom they stand on the footing of half sisters; but another thing is quite as sure—that they never wish themselves back in the place of the stay-at-home American woman. One of the enjoyments of a visit home is that of a placid contemplation of the past. The quick recognition of former friends, the graceful hospitality and the sense of obligations to make home present itself at its best, all are subtle but recognized tributes to the home-comer that she has done well in having contracted a foreign marriage and that whatever is sad or hard in life belongs to life itself and is



PRINCESS BRANCACCIO [MISS ELIZABETH HICKSON FIELD].



DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER [MISS CONSUELO YZNAGA].

not due to a misstep of her own. Alas! the part of American self-called society women.

she does not always find that which is best in the lives of American women in the circles to which her foreign title only bids her welcome. What she finds here is the misdirected ambition, restless activity and domestic discontent on

European society, taken early in an American woman's life as it is in most of these cases, has a charm in the finish and the smoothness of external life which the centuries alone can give to America.



LADY MARY AND LADY ALICE MONTAGU, TWIN DAUGHTERS OF THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Once let a woman breathe the atmosphere, once let her feel herself a part, of the old order of things and she quickly feels at home. Women quickly recognize a setting becoming to them. Forms, conventions and traditions have meaning as well as charms for them.

This article is intended to dwell but briefly on the American women who have married men of mark and distinction in England. To do justice to the subject would require a book of many volumes, for the beauty and wit of the American woman have made her welcome in every court of Europe. There are American princesses, duchesses, countesses and baronesses without number in all European courts; and in the effete monarchy of France they seem to be held in special esteem, for a union with them means a stay and prop to a fallen house. A close observer says that Italians make the best

husbands for American women and that of a dozen marriages which have occurred within the past twenty years all have resulted most happily; for instance those of Miss Elizabeth Hickson Field to Prince Brancaccio and Miss Constance Kinney to Count Gianotti. Both women are cherished friends of Queen Marguerite of Italy to whom both have been ladies in waiting. The more recent marriages of Miss Fry, a cousin of the late General George B. McClellan, to the Marquis Torrigiani, Miss Eva Mackay to Prince Colonna and of Miss Cora Slocumb to Count Di Brazza are in every respect as happy. The chief desire of the American girl who wishes to marry a foreigner is to wed in England.

Although many difficulties have beset their paths, with few exceptions the Anglo-American matches have been most happy ones and the American beauty with all her adaptability has not found it impossible to fall into the ways of English life; and in England as well as in France, Russia or Prussia she seems to find her way to the top as water seeks its level. Indeed just now it seems to be a woman's crown of glory in England at least that she is American-born. Until Mrs. Louis Hammersley married the duke of Marlborough no great fortune had gone from this country into England and it is safe to say that nine out of ten marriages there were love matches.

One of the first Anglo-American matches to cause widespread comment was that of Miss Consuelo Yznaga to Viscount Mandeville the eldest son of the duke of Manchester which occurred in New York

city at Grace church in May 1876. Consuelo Yznaga was a beautiful creature a daughter of Señor Antonio Yznaga del Valle, who was born of a good Spanish family in the little village of Sante Spiritu in the interior of Cuba, her mother being a New Orleans belle likewise of excellent family. In common with many others the Yznagas suffered from the civil war and the rebellions in Cuba. Their estates and fortunes being crippled they came north and for some years lived in Orange, New Jersey. The daughters Consuelo, Natica and Emily inherited from their mother great beauty and a remarkable gift of music. Mrs. Yznaga in the days of 1876 possessed a magnificent voice which has not altogether left her and it was a sight to remember to see her with her daughters singing their old Spanish

and creole melodies and their plantation songs which had been crooned to them by old Aunt Debby their black nurse. It is a matter of history that the marriage was not welcome to the Manchesters who had never seen Lord Mandeville's bride, but with her irresistible charm of southern manner it was no difficult task for Consuelo to win the heart of the duchess of Manchester, and having done that it was only a matter of time to take a position that made her at once the admiration and envy of her American sisters.

It is noticeable with Lady Mandeville (now the duchess of Manchester) that she has remained the American that she was when she left her native land, and her intonations of speech so peculiar to the south have always remained her strong charm. It has also been a matter of de-



TANDERAGEE CASTLE, COUNTY ARMAGH, IRELAND.



DRAWING ROOM OF TANDERAGEE CASTLE.

light to her old school friends that they have been most affectionately received on their visits to London. The prince and princess of Wales were not long in making friends with the fair American who has ever since been a frequent visitor at Sandringham together with her sisters Emily and Natica the latter now Lady Lister-Kaye. It was under Miss Emily Yznaga's tuition that the prince of Wales learned to play the banjo.

Mrs. Yznaga in writing to a friend in New York recently anent her daughter's accession to a more exalted rank says: "I have just addressed my first letter to the duchess of Manchester. It seemed so strange. What a change all round there is. Aunt Debby, Consuelo's old nurse, made me write a letter for her which she insisted on my beginning 'Your Grace,' and then went on to say how little she thought when Consuelo used to call her the nicknames of childhood that such a naughty girl would ever be a duchess. She used to 'fun' with her, Aunt Debby says, by bawling out these names much to Aunt Debby's mortification. I remember once going into Consuelo's bedroom when she was yet

a girl and all I saw was a tremendous mass of golden hair rolling from side to side of the bed. I really was startled to find out that it was Aunt Debby and Consuelo 'rastling' as Aunt D. called it, and Consuelo's hair had fallen out and completely covered Aunt D., it was so tremendously long and thick. Aunt Debby had attempted to pull Consuelo out of bed. She would not get up, hence the scrimmage."

At the time Mrs. Yznaga refers to in her letter Consuelo was a beautiful creature, a blonde of a rare and pronounced type, her hair falling in luxuriant tresses to her very feet. Now as the duchess of Manchester she is in all the glory of her womanhood, a trifle stout and her hair a few shades darker perhaps, but according to recent letters more beautiful than ever in her mourning. She bore Lord Mandeville three beautiful children: Lord Kimbolton, now Viscount Mandeville, born in 1877, and twin daughters Lady Mary Alva Montagu and Lady Alice Eleanor Montagu born in 1879. The future duke of Manchester is at Eton, while the daughters who may one day marry princes of royal blood are under the



LADY PAGET [MISS STEVENS].



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (MISS JENNIE JEROME).

charge of governesses. For the past two years Lady Mandeville spent much time at Kimbolton castle, the English country seat of the Manchesters; but previous to that she stayed with her children at Tanderagee castle, county Armagh, the Irish estate, the house being perched on the top of a hill commanding a magnificent view and standing on the spot where Redmond O'Hanlon the most romantic of the Irish rebels built his fort.

Two of Consuelo Yznaga's bridesmaids, her sister Natica and Miss Minnie Stevens, married Englishmen. The one is now Lady Lister-Kaye and is scarcely less beautiful than her sister the duchess but she is a decided brunette making an excellent foil to her sister.

Lady Lister-Kaye's marriage occurred in New York about ten years ago very quietly. She has more frequently visited New York than the duchess of Manchester who is so poor a sailor as to have made a vow never to cross the Atlantic again. Miss Minnie Stevens, the daughter of Paran Stevens by his second marriage, became the wife of Colonel Arthur Paget son of the late Lord Alfred Paget formerly a page of honor

to the queen. Mrs. Paget comes of the best Puritan and Huguenot stock. Her mother formerly Miss Marietta Reed a daughter of Ransom Reed, in his day the most prosperous merchant in Lowell, Massachusetts, is one of the best-educated women of to-day and one of the best linguists. She was in her youth a great beauty and was educated at Dr. Cartée's famous school under the shadow of Harvard and in her school-girl days visited the families of Longfellow, Hilliard, Prescott and Ticknor. One of Mrs. Stevens's uncles,



MRS. JACK LESLIE [MISS LEONIE JEROME].



MRS. MORETON FREWEN [MISS CLARA JEROME].

Pascal P. Pope, was the partner of William Boardman the brother of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. Mrs. Stevens having travelled extensively in Europe placed her daughter at school in France at the home of Madame Coulon one of the famous women of the Louis Napoleon court who lost her fortune during the Franco-Prussian war; and after spending some years there Miss Stevens went to London with her mother where she passed two seasons, and at a time when it was no easy matter for an American to gain a footing in English society became quite the rage, her sponsor in English society being Lady De Grey. The princess of Wales soon became and still is her warm friend. During her second season in London, Miss Stevens became engaged to Colonel Arthur (then Captain) Paget, and ever since her marriage has been a conspicuous figure in what is known as the 'Smart' set. Mrs. Paget's beauty undoubted and striking is of the brunette order, her hair being almost black, but her skin instead of having

the olive tints is pale with brilliant coloring. Her eyes are wonderfully large and brilliant of a dark blue gray with fringing lashes of black. She gathers about her in her lovely little house in Halkin street all that is most desirable in English society. Mrs. Paget has four children, the last-born being twin sons. There is but one daughter who has been with her grandmother Mrs. Stevens in New York for the past two years.

It is seldom that three daughters of an American family marry abroad but the case of the Misses Jerome is a conspicuous one. Leonard Jerome the father of the 'Jerome girls' as they were familiarly called is perhaps more widely known than

any other American save Chauncey Depew. Mr. Jerome soon after being graduated at Princeton married a daughter of Ambrose Hall of Syracuse, New York, a man of considerable wealth. He started out in life as United States consul to Trieste and his daughters now Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. 'Jack' Leslie were both born abroad and passed most of their life there. Mrs. Moreton Frewen formerly Clara Jerome was born in America. Many romantic stories have been told of the marriage of Jennie Jerome to Lord Randolph Churchill and of their first meeting but all of these stories are but romances. Mrs. Jerome preferred life abroad and had a house at Brighton, England; and one day Lord Randolph saw and fell in love with a beautiful horsewoman who was none other than Jennie Jerome to whom he was later introduced by the prince of Wales. When not in Brighton, Mrs. Jerome lived in Paris where her daughters were being educated and it was in the gay French capital that Lord Randolph was married to Miss Jerome in 1874. The story of a great settlement on the part of Mr. Jerome is a myth. The modest sum of \$10,000 per annum was all that he could give his daughter at that time and the duke of Marlborough made a like settlement on his son. Soon after their marriage Lord and Lady Randolph went to live at Blenheim where their first child a son was born. Lord Randolph is particularly fond of his father-in-law and it is said that his advanced and republican ideas have been gained from long talks with Mrs. Jerome. It is not generally known that Lady Churchill is a good artist and that her paintings are good enough to bring her an income should that ever be necessary. In their town house the studio is an important feature. The talent of music was shared almost equally by the Jerome sisters all of whom are so proficient in piano music that they might shine as professional players. Miss Leonie Jerome who married handsome 'Jack' Leslie of the Grenadier guards about six years ago studied with Heller and went in for thorough bass and harmony. Her husband is now in Paris studying with Benjamin Constant, inheriting from his father Sir John Leslie, R.A., his talent for painting. 'Jack' Leslie is his father's heir and will



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH [MISS PRICE].



MRS. HERBERT NAYLOR-LÉYLAND [MISS CHAMBERLAIN].

one day succeed to the baronetcy which will raise him to a position of wealth. Mrs. Moreton Frewen formerly Clara Jerome is in great contrast to her sisters, as fair as a lily, while they are both very

being that of the duke of Marlborough with the widow of Louis Hamersley formerly Miss Lily Price of Troy a daughter of the late Commodore Price of the United States navy. The circumstances

of Mrs. Hamersley's marriage to the duke of Marlborough are familiar to the reading public of today, so recent is the occurrence. The fortune which came to her through her first husband has done much toward restoring the ancient glories of Blenheim, and her beauty is making for her a place in the English society of today. When Lily Price the duchess of Marlborough spent much time with Colonel and Mrs. Ogle Taylor in Washington, Mrs. Taylor, her mother's sister, née Warren, was an elegant woman who lived much in the past and doubtless inspired her beautiful niece and needy protégée with aristocratic notions which had come to her aunt through contact with the most elegant people of her time. Then Lily Price was a lithe beautiful creature with a glint of gold in her brown hair, much like Cabanel's Marguerite for which it is said Christine Nilsson sat. In the Washington days her intimate friend was the beautiful Miss Worthington now Mrs. Henry Clews. It is needless to say that the fair Lily of Troy created havoc in



MRS. CHARLES LAWRENCE [MISS SUMNER].

the hearts of the young men and foreign attachés then at the American capital. The recent visit of the duchess of Marlborough to her old home in New York was the occasion for a series of festivities in her honor most kindly bestowed and most graciously received.

One of the most favored Americans to marry in England is the Honorable Mrs. William Carington who was Miss Juliet Warden, her father having been the Paris member of the great firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. now extinct. Although Americans Mr. and Mrs. Warden always lived

dark. Lady Randolph and Mrs. Leslie are more identified with the English set than Mrs. Frewen who is more often to be found with the Americans who have but recently taken up their residence in London. The beauty of these three sisters is that of form and feature rather than of coloring and therefore more lasting. They are less American than many others born in the states and that is but natural considering most of their lives has been passed abroad.

The house of Marlborough has made two American marriages the more recent

in Paris. Their daughter Juliet was often in America when a child. It was during the siege of Paris in 1870-71 that the Wardens came to London where they met the Honorable William Carington of the Grenadier guards, the second son of the second Lord Carington and heir presumptive to the present peer. At the time of her marriage which occurred in 1871 Miss Warden was a delicate graceful blonde and still retains her charm and beauty. Since her marriage she has been extremely popular in the best London society and has won the personal favor of the queen. Mrs. Carington's London house is in the palace of Westminster where her husband being secretary of the lord chamberlain has an official residence. The office of chamberlain is an hereditary one of great antiquity having been in Colonel Carington's mother's family for nearly 800 years. Mrs. Carington has also a country residence at Old Windsor in Berkshire.

The success of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain formerly Miss Mary Endicott daughter of W. C. Endicott who was secretary of war during President Cleveland's administration was instantaneous and in London was little short of remarkable as her husband is not altogether popular. Mrs. Chamberlain's long training in American political life has made her diplomatic. An enthusiastic feminine admirer of Mrs. Chamberlain who used to meet her frequently in Washington

speaks of her as follows: The first time that I saw Miss Endicott after she had grown up was at a White House reception in Washington, a slight fair erect Priscilla-like girl with animation of face and repose of manner, that happiest of feminine combinations. In the flotsam



MRS. H. PARKINSON SHARP [MISS TAFT].

and jetsam of political society in Washington she stood out in gentle relief. She wore gowns of soft white or pale blue high in the throat at a time when décolletée gowns for young girls were at the height or rather the depth of the fashion. She spoke English so like an English girl or rather so unlike the average American, with agreeable modulation of voice,

no jerks and explosions of speech, that one would hardly have believed that she had been brought up in the little city of Salem on the windy side of New England where the east winds are shrillest. She had been once only for a few months abroad. Her correctness of speech as well as her charms of manner were acquired in that surest and best of schools,

the home school. Mr. and Mrs. Endicott are most distinguished gentlefolk. Mrs. Endicott is a model of what a lady should be, not an American but a world's lady, and it ought to be a satisfaction to all who are interested in the proper representation of our country abroad that such parents as Mr. and Mrs. Endicott can be presented in English society. It is no wonder therefore that when Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., came over to Washington to settle the fisheries disputes he should have been attracted to so fair a creature.

The Honorable Mrs. Charles Lawrence is a conspicuous instance of a successful American in England. She was Miss Kitty Sumner a great-granddaughter of Governor Increase Sumner of Massachusetts. Her mother a daughter of Mr. James W. Gerard of New York married Sir George Buckley Mathew, British minister to Brazil. Miss Sumner was educated principally abroad and married an ex-

ceedingly clever and agreeable man, the Honorable Charles Napier Lawrence a younger son of Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley, the distinguished viceroy of India. She is considered one of the handsomest American women married in England and has a charming house in Chester square where she entertains the beauty and wit of London,

and in the opinion of many is the brightest American woman in England. Peter Marié considers that hers is the brightest salon of London.

Some years ago the Honorable Mrs. Lawrence spent a winter in New York with her aunt Mrs. James W. Gerard of Gramercy park and was intensely admired.

One of the American women whose house is much sought out in London is Mrs. H. Parkinson Sharp whose present and second husband is a

wealthy and famous barrister. She was born Taft, in Savannah, Georgia; and while at the Rutgers female college married her first husband Mr. Hutchins, by whom she had one daughter now Baroness Alfred von Oppenheim. Mrs. Hutchins went abroad soon after her marriage where she has lived ever since. For years she was the ruling spirit at Nice, and her balls given in a beautiful chateau were events of the season. Her marriage to Mr. Parkinson Sharp occurred about seven years



BARONESS VON OPPENHEIM.

ago, and at their beautiful house in Palace Gate the cream of English and American society is to be met. In January 1890 Miss Florence Hutchins became the Baroness Alfred von Oppenheim, the wedding at St. Mary Abbott's church in South Kensington being a most brilliant event. Besides possessing great beauty Baroness von Oppenheim is a most talented pianist having studied at the conservatoire in Paris and playing with all the finish of an artist.

Another instance of three daughters of an American family marrying in England is that of the Misses Motley, the daughters of the historian J. Lothrop Motley. Their life abroad as well as their ancestry fitted them more than other American girls for English husbands. Their mother Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Benjamin was one of the children of Park Benjamin of Preston, Connecticut, who had large plantations in British Guiana. He married Mary Judith Galla native of the Barbadoes and a relative of Lord North the English prime minister at the time of the revolution. Mrs. Motley and her brother Park Benjamin who lived and died in New York were both born in Demerara. John Lothrop Motley married Miss Benjamin in 1837. Their eldest daughter now Lady Vernon-Harcourt first married J. P. Ives of Providence, Rhode Island, who died a year after marriage leaving her a fortune close on to a million of dollars. Her marriage to Sir William Vernon-Harcourt occurred at Westminster Abbey she having been a widow for more than twenty years. The other sisters Mary and Susan Motley married respectively Algernon Sheridan a grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Herbert St. John Mildmay a grandson of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay. Their position in England is an enviable one.

Mrs. Herbert Naylor-Leyland formerly Miss Jennie Chamberlain a daughter of W. S. Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio, is a singular instance of an unspoiled beauty, and all the more to be wondered at, as she stood for many seasons as the most favored and marked of the Americans, gaining the warm friendship of various members of the royal family. Together with her good looks she possesses a lasting charm in a sweet and

affable manner evidently sincere. Miss Chamberlain married a man of great wealth and one day will preside over one of the smartest houses in London.

Another American girl reckoned as a beauty is Lady Arthur Butler formerly Miss Nellie Stager, a daughter of gallant General Stager of the United States army. Her husband is heir presumptive to the marquise of Ormonde. Miss Stager was one of those rarely beautiful women that people stopped in the streets to look after, and it is said that the workmen in the streets used to drop their picks and shovels as she passed by. Chicago her native city is justly proud of her. Lady Arthur preserves a loveliness and loyalty to her American friends rare in these days.

Lady Charles Wolseley formerly Miss Anita Murphy is prominent in the smart Roman-Catholic set. She is one of the handsome daughters of the late Daniel T. Murphy who at one time was a partner of Eugene Kelly the New York banker. Later he started the firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., so well known in San Francisco and New York. Lady Wolseley's mother was a Kentuckian and fully sustained the reputation of her state for handsome women. Mr. Murphy was a great benefactor of the church, and for his kindnesses the honorary title of marquis was conferred on him by the pope. The family have lived long abroad and since Mr. Murphy's death have bought Lord Ailsa's house in Berkeley square. They are very popular, the eldest unmarried daughter being especially so and she is asked to join any number of good house parties. Lady Wolseley is the eldest daughter and married in 1882 Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., of Wolseley, Staffordshire. He is the head of the family, his being the English and Catholic branch, General Lord Wolseley his cousin being of the Irish Protestant branch. Lady Wolseley is rather above the average height with a good figure and fair hair with a touch of gold in it and dark-blue eyes with black lashes, the regular Irish eyes.

It is impossible to more than mention Mrs. Adair and her sister Mrs. Smith-Barry daughters of General Wadsworth of Genesee; Lady Hesketh formerly Miss Sharch of San Francisco; Mrs.

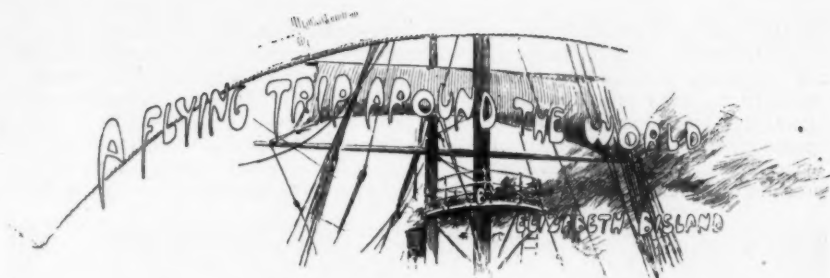
George Cavendish-Bentinck formerly Mme. Waddington née King, wife of the Miss Livingston of New York; Mrs. French ambassador at London; Lady Hughes-Hallett formerly Miss Emily Playfair née Russell; and Lady Kort-von Schaumberg of Philadelphia; Mrs. wright née Richardson—all of whom occupied brilliant positions.

A MOOD OF THE MODERN.

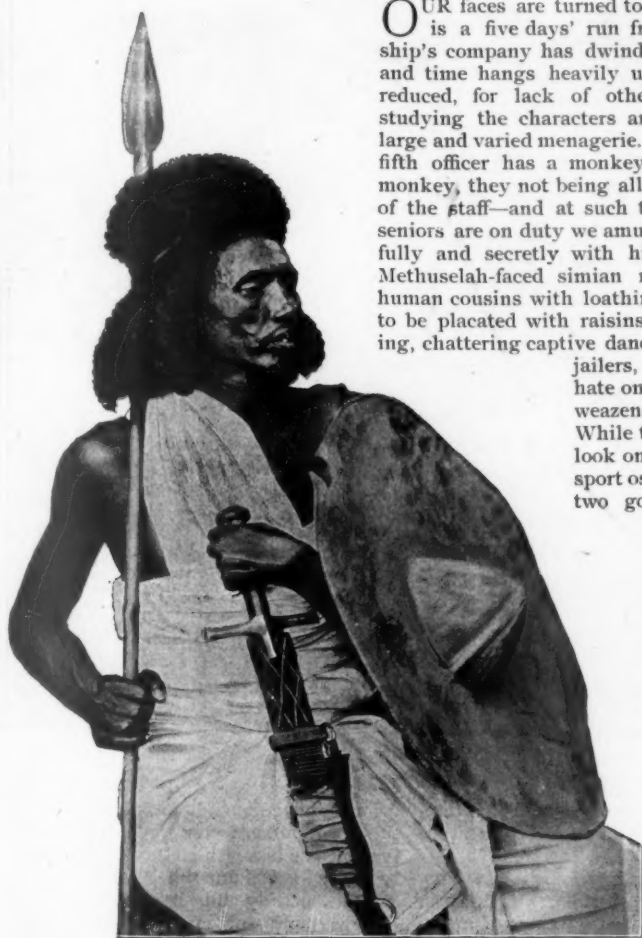
BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

WE men live hard in this unweary time—
 Live hard, die hard: our eager passions chime
 To the wild conflict of the elements;
 And there is nothing in our human sense
 Which tires in striving for some better gain,
 Some triumph over weakness, over pain,
 Some light that shall discover to our eyes
 New wonders of the earth and seas and skies.
 We cannot shut the clamor of the streets,
 The roar of traffic, and the strenuous beats
 Of burning brains and hearts of palpitant flame,
 Of souls that reach from furnace depths of shame,
 Out of our ears: night merges into day,
 And day into the night. Yet who shall stay
 The march of millions in their frantic quest
 For things which have their being in unrest?

And still—for some brief space I have forgot
 This modern world which binds me to its lot,
 Which stirs me with its deep, undaunted power,
 Its trump of progress blaring hour by hour. . . .
 Here in a gentle solitude where birds
 Twitter their language of aerial words,
 And where the tall trees nod their amorous sprays,
 And the warm, wanton breeze of summer plays—
 I lie in balmy luxury of ease,
 Lulled by sweet fancies and sweet harmonies.
 Now take all knowledge from me, all dear thought
 That science in its potent will has wrought,
 All wisdom culled from darkness, all desire
 To know wherefore God chastens us with ire!
 I am content to hear the robins sing;
 To commune with the ancient oaks; to fling
 My arms about the twining, riotous grass;
 To feel the waters gurgle joy and pass;
 To look into the heavens; to drink the air
 As though it were a wine to soothe despair;
 To bathe my tremulous body in the sun
 And dream that happy time is never run.
 I cast myself on nature in her bloom,
 In her full beauty, reckless of my doom;
 Reckless of sorrow, of a life defiled—
 With the unconscious ardor of a child;
 And looking far about and far above,
 The whole world seems to speak the speech of love.



SIXTH STAGE.



A SOUDANESE WARRIOR.

OUR faces are turned toward Ceylon. It is a five days' run from Penang; the ship's company has dwindled to a handful, and time hangs heavily upon us. We are reduced, for lack of other occupation, to studying the characters and habits of our large and varied menagerie. The pretty little fifth officer has a monkey—a surreptitious monkey, they not being allowed to members of the staff—and at such time as the stern seniors are on duty we amuse ourselves fearfully and secretly with his antics—a tiny Methuselah-faced simian regarding all his human cousins with loathing suspicion, but to be placated with raisins—a small shivering, chattering captive dancing to amuse his

jailers, with a grin of hate on his sorrowful weazened countenance. While the powers that be look on, the Fifth and I sport ostentatiously with two gorgeous and permissible cockatoos, who like most things permissible are rather dull and uninteresting.

The consul to Bangkok—a slim brown gentleman with a soft languid voice and tiny hands and feet—is carrying home with him a family of Siamese cats, white, with tawny legs and fierce blue eyes; uncanny

beasts with wild tigerish ways. They live in the fo'castle in company with an impulsive Chinese puppy of slobberingly affectionate disposition; and their prowling long-legged behavior grates upon his nerves most terribly. He is too manly a little person to hurt them, and his only refuge is an elaborate pre-

lady madly jealous of the division in her owner's affections. He purchased her from a native on the wharfs at Bombay smelling of violet powder and with a gold thread around her neck—a theft from some zenana and wild with several days' starvation and bad treatment. She has not however forgotten the ways of her



JINRICKISHAS, COLUMBO.

tence of not seeing them; even when they rub against his nose he gazes abstractedly off into space and refuses to be aware of their existence.

The doctor has two families of cats, one a respectable tortoiseshell British matron absorbed with the cares of a profuse maternity, and a splendid Persian

odalisque mistress, and is greedy luxurious indolent and bad-tempered. If the doctor dares, after touching the kittens, caress her without having previously washed his hands, her keen nose detects his perfidy and she flies into a fury—claws, spits, rages and finally rushes up into the rigging to sulk until the doc-



SOUDANESE DANCING.

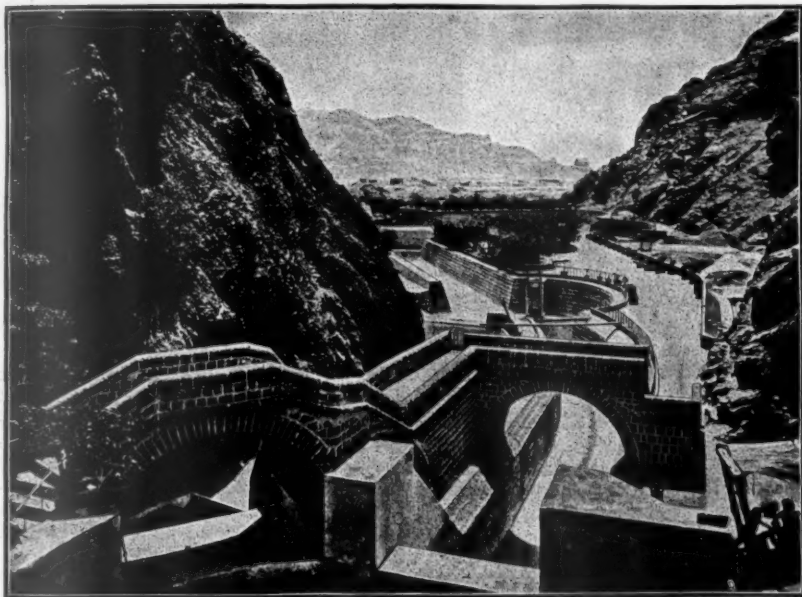
tor grovels with apologies and holds out seductive visions of dinner.

At Ceylon the Australian mail ship *Britannia* waits for us. She is one of the enormous Peninsular and Oriental vessels built in the Jubilee year, and is on her way home to England. Here again farewells to the dear little old lady from Boston and to my kind and charming friend the Ceylon tea planter who has placed me under an endless debt of gratitude by his many courtesies. It is four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of January when we swing out of the harbor and direct our course toward Africa. The height of luxury is reached on these Peninsular and Oriental steamships. No steerage travel being provided for, space is not stinted to first-class passengers, and saloons, decks and bedrooms are ample and handsome. The

ship's company of Australians on their way home to England have made themselves thoroughly at home for this six-weeks' cruise. In their rooms they have hung photographs and drapery, and set out bits of bric-à-brac, and on deck each one has long bamboo lounging chairs, a little table and a tea service complete for that beautiful ceremony of five o'clock tea—all of which is made possible by the fact that the sea is smooth as glass and the decks level as a drawing-room floor. Constant courtesies are exchanged in the form of invitations to this afternoon tea. Three times a week the band plays for dancing on deck; tableaux, private theatricals and fancy balls fill the evenings, and in the afternoons the after-part of the ship is lively with games of cricket. I am fortunate enough to be asked to sit at a small table with a party



TANKS OF ADEN.



TANKS AND TOWN OF ADEN.

of four: Lady Broome a tall handsome Englishwoman with dark eyes and a noble outline of brow and head, who is well known to the English public as Lady Barker, under which name she has written many delightful books on colonial life; Sir Frederick Napier Broome returning from a governorship in western Australia to carry through parliament a bill giving the colony responsible government—he also is tall and handsome and has made a brilliant record in the colonial service; the third is Sir William Robinson a brother of the famous Sir Hercules of that ilk, with a fine saturnine countenance lean and bold like the head of Cæsar, and is both colonial governor and a well-known musical composer; the fourth is Sir Henry Wrenfordsly, a colonial chief justice. And this quartet, who have been in most parts of the habitable globe, make very agreeable table companions.

The other principal personage on the ship is Miss Ethel Roma Detmold aged two and a half years and familiarly known as Baby Detmold. There are other infants aboard but merely the common or garden baby, not to be mentioned with

this blue and gold girl child who sparkles out upon us in the morning a vision in a white frock and an enigmatic smile. The entire male force of the ship is her slave and trails about after her humbly suing for the favors she is most chary in granting. She possesses already some secret of power over her kind, and is airily joyously indifferent to anyone's attentions and services, which we all therefore—with the curious perversity of human nature—persist in thrusting upon her. All women are not born free and equal. . . . There is some subtle force in this tiny turquoise-eyed coquette which will secure for her without effort her life through devotion other women cannot win with endless sacrifices or oceans of tears. Even the cook's pet chicken who flies from everyone else, allows himself to be hauled about by one leg or be squeezed violently to her bosom, and, far from protesting, looks foolishly flattered by the notice of this imperious cherub.

. . . Always above and below us it is intensely blue, hot and calm. Flights of film-winged fishes rise from our path and flit away like flocks of seasparrrows. Sometimes a whale blows up a

column of shining spray and leaves a green wake to show his hidden path. But nothing marks the passing of the hours save the coming and going of light. When the azure blossom of the day dies in irised splendors, rosy clouds float up over the horizon's edge like wandering fairy islands drifting at will in a golden world, vanishing when the moon appears. . . . Magical white nights of ineffable stillness and purity fade into the blaze of daffodil dawns. Time goes by in lotus dreams that have no memory of a past or reckoning of a future till we wake suddenly and find ourselves at anchor in the gulf of Aden.

. . . Red barren masses of stone broken and jagged like

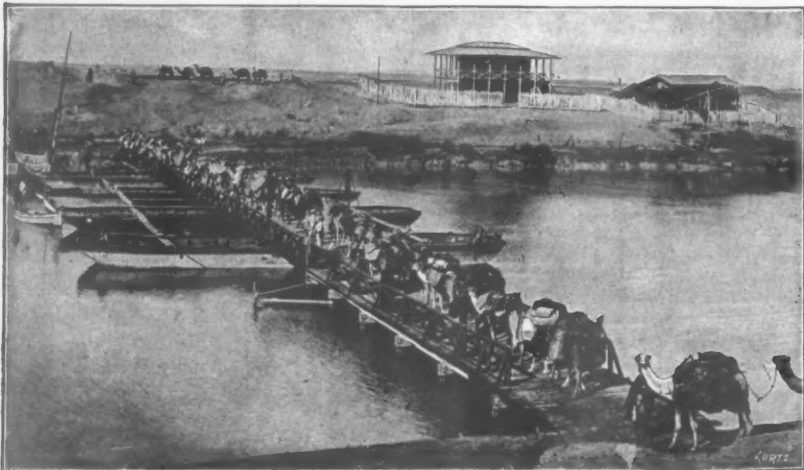
"An old lion's cheek teeth;"

an astonishing aridity everywhere, all the more startling by contrast with the fierce verdure of the lands we have last seen. Not a drop of rain has fallen here in three years and no green thing lives in the place. Even the tawny hills rot and fall to dust in the terrible desiccation. The earth is an impalpable dun powder that no roots could grasp, the rocks are seamed, cracked and withered to the heart—the dust and bones of a dead land.

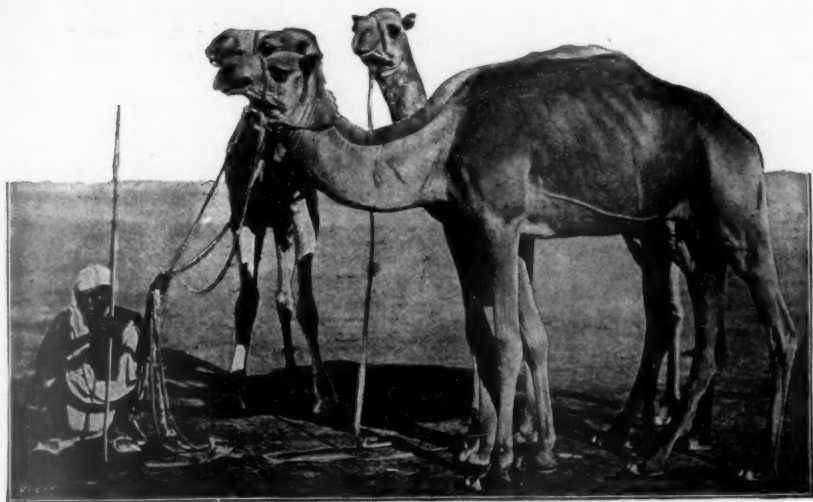
. . . As a coaling station and harbor from which war ships may guard the entrance of the Red sea, Aden is valuable and therefore like Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon—like everything much

worth having in this part of the world—it is an English possession. There are wharfs of heavy masonry; the governor's residence, a verandahed bungalow shut in with green persiennes, stands on a little eminence some distance back from the water; and one narrow street of heavy white stone houses with flat roofs, fringes the shore.

A carriage is hired to convey us to the Tanks, the only bit of sightseeing to be done at Aden. These Tanks are of unknown antiquity and are variously attributed to Solomon, the queen of Sheba, the Arabs and—as a last guess—to the Phœnicians.—Historians when in doubt always accuse the Phœnicians. In this rainless region where water only falls at intervals of years, it was necessary to collect and preserve all that fell and some one built among the hills huge stone basins with a capacity of hundreds of thousands of gallons. They are quite perfect still, though the name of the faithful builder thereof has long since perished. The road winds upward from the sea to a barrier of rocks and pierces them in a black echoing pass 200 feet high and fifteen wide where the English fortifications lie—a place to be held by twenty men against an army. Here we find Tommy Atkins again, still clad in white linen from top to toe and still rosily swaggering. On the other side of this wall of hills is the town, a motley assem-



PONTOON BRIDGE FOR CARAVANS.



CAMELS OF THE DESERT.

blage of more little flat-topped stone dwellings all lime-washed as white as snow. There is a well where women in flowing drapery with tall jars draw water as if posing for Biblical illustrations; and a camel market where fifty or more of the brown ungainly beasts have been relieved of their burdens and lain down for the night—doubled into uncomfortable heaps and bubbling and moaning in querulous discontent.

We rattle through the silent dusty town and find beyond it a garden where a dozen feeble trees have by constant watering been induced to grow as high as our heads, but appear discouraged and drooping and ready to give up the effort at any moment. Behind these are the irregular bowls of masonry set in the clefts at the foot of the rocks and stretching enormous thirsty white mouths open to the arid hills and rainless sky. They are terraced down the sides—steps by which the retreating water can be followed—but happily the place is independent of them now—with a condensing engine and the inexhaustible supply of the sea. . . . Night is coming on. There is a crystalline luminosity in this dry air that the vanished sun has left faintly golden-green. Every fold and crevice of the red rock wall overflows with intense violet shadows that still are full of light. There

is no evening mistiness of vision; the little flat white town, the shore, the turbaned figures moving to and fro in the streets, the ships afloat on the glassy sea, the tawny outline of the rocks—all stand out with the clearness of cameos through the deepening of the twilight. . . . So might have seemed some Syrian evening of long ago—and as if to answer the thought there slowly lifts itself above the crest of the hills in the green dusk a huge tremendous white planet—the star in the east! . . .

The dusk has vanished when we reach the wharf—

"At one stride comes the dark,"

and suddenly in an instant, innumerable glittering hosts rush into the heaven with a wild astounding splendor, startling as the blare of trumpets—unimaginable myriads, unreckonable millions. . . . And as our oars dip, the water replies with equal shining multitudes of wan sea-stars that whirl and wimple through the flood.

Later when the silver fire of a full moon by whose light one can read and see colors has swallowed up this glittering pageant, we go again to the Tanks, passing on the route a loaded train of camels lurching away to the desert through the black shadows of the pass—stepping beside them lean, swarthy Arabs, draped stately in white—such a

caravan as might have gone down into Egypt to buy corn from Pharaoh 4000 years ago—nothing changed in any way since then. Our footsteps and our voices echo in hollow whispers from the empty Tanks and the mysterious shadows of the hills, though we walk lightly and speak softly, awed by the vast calm radiance of the African night—other than this it is very silent in this dead and desert spot; not a leaf to rustle, not an insect to cry—and even the sea has no speech. The world grows dreamlike and unreal in the white silence. We should feel no surprise to come suddenly among the rocks upon a gaunt Hebrew with wild eyes, clothed in skins and wrestling in the desert with the old unsolvable riddles of existence—a prophet whose scorching words should wither away in one terrible instant all the falsities and frivolities of our lives, leaving us gaping aghast in the awful visage of Truth. . . . Nor should we start to hear the thin high voice of a wandering lad with the shadow of a crown above his head, who should come chanting psalms of longing for green pastures and still waters—

"It is a night and a place for such things as these."

The town beyond which shines the silver sea is white as pearls in the moonlight, with here and there a yellow gleam from a lamp through an open door. The population is gathered in the square playing dominoes and games of chance

at little tables and drinking coffee—liquor being forbidden to these Mahometans. Bearded Arabs with delicate features and grave sad eyes, who fold their white burnous about them with a wonderful effect of dignity; and more jovial and half naked negroes of every tint and race—from Zanzibar, the Soudan and Abyssinia. The Soudanese are fine stalwart animals—fighting men all—stripped to the waist, shining like polished ebony, with beardless mouths full of ivory teeth, and long wool combed straight out and vividly red—made so by being plastered down for a week under a coat of lime. Egypt and England know well how these men fight; yet when I lean forward and take into my hand the little case of camelskin containing verses from the Koran, hanging on the muscular black breast of one of these gigantic Africans, he laughs the same mellow amiable laugh I should hear from a negro at home on the plantation did I show a like familiarity and interest. Our way home lies through a reverberant tunnel beneath the fort where we meet more camels still with that same lounging stride, still with that air of evangelical superiority to a wicked world and still making with closed mouths those suppressed moans of wounded feeling. The port is fast asleep. In the distance a man-of-war is slowly steaming out of the harbor on its way to the lower coast to overawe the Portuguese who are mak-



SMALL HOPE FOR THE CROCODILE.

ing futile protests against English domination in the neighborhood of Delagoa bay.

... Quite in a moment it seems, it is tomorrow—our last day in the tropics—and I go up on deck before the sun has risen, into the delicious moist warmth of the tropical morning. A man—a young man—is lounging in one of the bamboo chairs in a *négligé* of India silk—drinking a tiny cup of coffee and enjoying the early freshness. No one else is visible. I hesitate a moment conscious of the dishevelment of locks beneath the lace scarf tied under my chin but think better of the hesitation and remain. I may never see this again, this equatorial world, where one is really for the first time

"Lord of the five senses,"

where the light of night and day have a new meaning, where one is drenched and steeped in color and perfume, where the husk of callous dulness falls away and every sense replies to impressions with a keenness as of new-born faculties. The young man's silky black head is ruffled too, and his yellow eyes still sleepy as he comes and leans over the rail. He is holding a little black pipe in a slim olive hand that is tipped with deep-tinted onyx-like nails and with it he points to the first canoe putting out from shore. It is a long brown boat very narrow and filled with oranges heaped up in the centre. It is cutting a delicate furrow along the pearly lilac of the glasslike sea. A faint gray mist scarcely more than a film lies along the shore; above it the red rocks stand up sharply against the white sky which the coming sun is changing to gold. The



WATER-CARRIERS OF THE NILE.

young man turns and smiles showing a row of white teeth through lips as red as pomegranate flowers. He is English but takes on here certain warm tones of color like a Spaniard. Every moment I have spent in the tropics is to me just as vivid as this. I see everything. Not a beauty, not a touch of color, escapes me. Every moment of the day means intense delight, beauty, life. . . . And now after six months not a line has faded or grown dim. I can live back in it in every emotion, every impression, as though not an hour divided me from it. It is



NATIVES OF ADEN.

well to have thus once really lived. . . .

The deck swarms with native merchants selling ostrich feathers, grass mats and baskets from Zanzibar, ornaments of shells, boxes of Turkish delight, embroideries, photographs and a three-months-old lion cub in a wooden cage. The Bombay mail for which we waited has arrived, and new passengers come ashore with mountains of luggage. Among them is a man with a heavy smooth pink face, an overhanging upper lip and long white hair. It is Bradlaugh the famous atheist who fought the whole house of commons and forced it to admit him without taking the oath. He proves to be a jovial person with an astounding ingenuity in misplacing h's and an amusing little way of confiding small details concerning himself with an air of expecting you to snatch out a notebook and jot them down as one who should later make an article for one of

the reviews, 'Some Confidential Talks with Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.' He is returning from India where he has been attending a congress of natives agitating for representative government. His colleague Sir William Wedderburn returns with him—a Scotch baronet, a gentle enthusiast and theoretical radical whose heart is overflowing with vague tenderness for all mankind. There is some stir among us because Mr. Stanley has just arrived on the coast from the interior of Africa and there is talk of his going home in our ship, but the government sends down a special convoy to take him to Egypt, and we steam away without him.

A cold west wind meets us in the Red sea; the passengers get out their furs and there is no more lounging on deck—one must walk briskly or sit in the sun wrapped in rugs. I wake one night missing the throbings of the screw and find that we are going at a snail's pace

in smooth water. The moon is very dim behind the clouds, and from the porthole it would appear that we are sailing through endless expanses of sand—nothing else is to be seen. Morning shows a narrow ditch in a desert, half full of green water—so narrow and so shallow apparently that nothing would convince us our great ship could pass through save the actual proof of its doing so. At one of the wider parts made for this purpose we pass a French troop ship which dips her colors to us and sends a ringing cheer from the red-trousered soldiers on their way to Tonquin. Later a dead Arab floats by in the green water. Nothing is to be seen save stones and sand to the very horizon. A dim and lurid sunset ends the day and when night comes we are anchored off the town of Suez—a wretched little place dusty, dirty and flaring with cheap vice—all the flotsam of four nations whirling about in an eddy of coarse pleasures. The shopkeepers

are wolfish-looking and bargain vociferously. Almost every other door opens into a gambling hell and concert hall. One of these gambling places boasts an opera. At the tables stand amid the crowd two handsome young Germans—blond but with none of the ruddy warmth of the English blonde; pale and flaxen with deep-blue eyes and haughty of manner. Not nice faces; high-bred but cold and brutal. They are officers from prince Henry of Prussia's ship the *Irene* lying now in the harbor. In the concert hall 'Traviata' is being sung by a fourth-rate French troupe and the audience sit about at little tables, drinking and eating ices. I ask for something native—Turkish—to drink, and they bring me a stuff that to all the evidences of sight, taste and smell cries out that it is a mixture of paregoric and water, and one sip contents me. We are glad to go away.

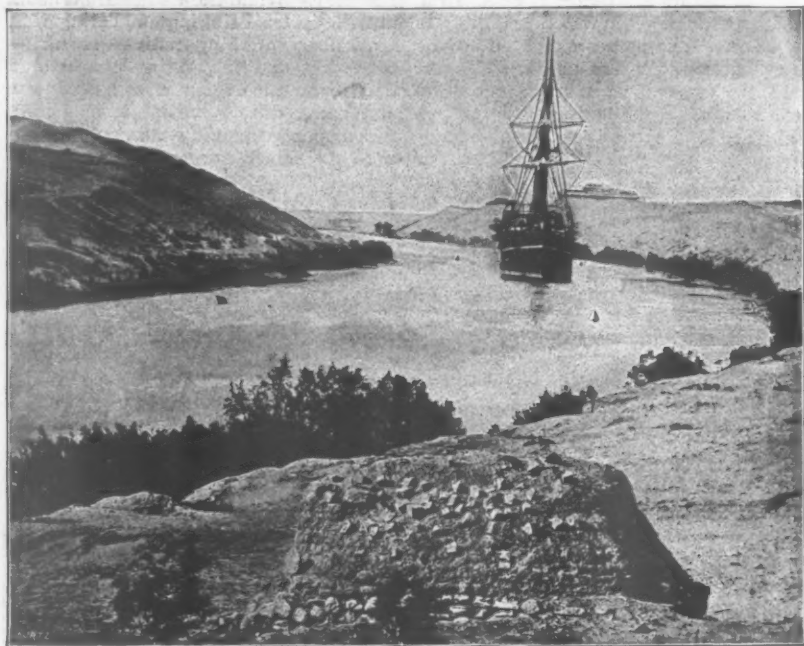
The Mediterranean is cold and not smooth, but here there comes upon one a



PORT SAID.

sense of historical association. In India nature was so tremendous she swallowed up all memory of man; in Aden one remembered only the Bible; but as one nears Greece the past takes shape and meaning, and history begins to have a new vividness and significance. Here man has been 'lord of the visible earth'; has dominated and adorned her. She has been but the stage and background against which he played out the tragedies and comedies of humanity. One morning at sunrise the stewardess taps at the door:

keels: . . . Greek galleys, Roman triremes, fighting vessels from Carthage, merchant and battle ships from Venice, Genoa and Turkey, the fleets of Spain, men-o'-war with the English lions at the peak, and lastly the world's peaceful commerce, sailing serenely over the many bones and rotting hulls that lie below. . . . The sun comes up gloriously out of the sea that deepens to a winy purple in its light. Suddenly the mountain tops take fire; the snow flushes softly, deepens rosily in hue, grows crimson with splendor; the sleeping mists begin to stir and



THE SUEZ CANAL.

"The first officer's compliments, miss, and will you please get up and look out of the scuttle."

I wrap myself in my kimono—treasure trove from Japan—and thrust head and shoulders through the wide porthole. Directly before me is Candia—abrupt mountains rising sharply from the sea and crowned with snow. Among them are trailing clouds looping long scarfs of mist from peak to peak; at their feet—Homer's 'wine-dark sea'—furrowed by a thousand

heave, to lighten into gold, to float and rise into the warming blue above; once more the splendors of a new day—such a sunrise as Cervantes may have seen; as glad Greek eyes may have witnessed bowing in prayer to the sun-god; as the galley slave may have watched dully as a signal for new labors, and admirals gazed upon with tightening lip not knowing whether the new sun should look upon defeat or victory, glory or death. Then the dressing gong clanged

noisily through the ship and the colors began to pale into the common day.

Next morning the 16th of January

we were made fast to the docks at Brindisi and but one more stage of the journey remained to be made.



SOUDANESE CAVALRYMAN.

WEST INDIES.

BY ROBERT MANNERS.

"The luminosities of the . . . tropics could only be imitated in fire."

Lafcadio Hearn's "West Indies."

THE Indies' seas, resplendent, sapphire-bright,
 The coral lands where Nature ever smiles ;
 Where summer reigns throned on a thousand isles,
 Crowned as befits the queen of life and light !
 The tropic sun — a fire which knows no wane,
 Uplifting life in opulence sublime,
 In endless wealth ; the eminent domain
 Of life spontaneous from creation's prime !
 Clad in rich tints or robed in fiery hues
 Its myriad forms in plant, in fruit and flower ;
 Munificence supreme ; supremest power
 Revealed in never-wearying love profuse :
 The sum unspeakable — and soul and sense
 Gaze wonder-bound before Omnipotence !

THE SWEDISH MILITARY FORCES.

BY HJALMAR KOHLER.

THE army organization of Sweden consists of a regular force and reserve troops.

The regular army or 'peace establishment' is obtained by enlistment, 'roter-

allowed within the borders of Sweden. To be accepted in the enlisted army a man must have a certificate of good moral character, be free from physical infirmities of any kind and have a height of at least



LINE OF SHARPSHOOTERS

ing' (furnishing men for the infantry) and 'rustning' (furnishing men and horses for the cavalry). These troops number about 36,000 men. The army raised by 'rotering' and 'rustning' is called the standing army. The reserve or militia is called out only in case of war, except for drill, which is in all forty-two days during the first six years. The militia is obtained by obligatory service and at present is about 240,000 strong. This is no new idea in Sweden because as far as history or tradition goes the duty of every citizen to defend his country has been known and recognized there. In addition to these troops there is a separate organization called Gottland's National Guards.

Owing to the great distance that separates Gottland from the mainland, the inhabitants of the island are organized for self-defence, in which organization every male person from the age of eighteen to fifty years serves during a short time each year. All men of from fifty to sixty years of age constitute the reserve corps of these troops. The officers have the same education as in the regular army.

Enlistment for military service is only

five feet five inches; he shall not be less than seventeen nor more than thirty years of age. The term of enlistment is gener-



DIGGING A RIFLE PIT.

ally six years, after which time the soldier is discharged unless his term expires during the periodical regimental drill, in which case he is bound to remain in the

service until the end of the encampment. In time of war enlisted men cannot be discharged except for disability. In time of peace a soldier may be discharged on account of disability or crime committed.

An enlisted soldier belonging to a garrison regiment will receive a pension after

serving twenty years providing he has arrived at the age of forty. These troops are garrisoned the whole year either in the large cities or in fortresses, with the exception of one regiment that is on furlough when not on duty at camp of instruction, which encampment is held only a few weeks each year. The enlisted troops doing garrison duties are as follows: Infantry 1552, cavalry 980, artillery 4075, engineers 600; 7207 men.

Every country has its peculiarities—peculiar classes, institutions and habits. To study these is often to study the history of the country.

In the army organization of Sweden we find one of these institutions of so peculiar a character that no other country can show a counterpart to the same, and this is what is called in Sweden the standing army.

It forms a separate and distinct class. It is made up of men who are farmers and

soldiers alternately; of men who may justly be called soldiers and correctly be counted among the farming community; of men who are deducted from the country population one day and returned to it on the next; a class that commands a respectful attention from all who will take the trouble and pains to inquire into and

learn its origin, methods and manner of existence. This farmer-soldier is such a genuine Swedish type that it is worth the while to write of him a few moments and introduce him to the people of America, the more so as he may in a certain sense be compared to the minute men of the Revolutionary war.

During the reigns of Charles IX. and Gustavus Adolphus, when many soldiers were needed in Sweden and the call (if not draft) of troops came often, an idea was advanced to make the

landowners furnish a certain number of men for the army—and to keep this organization intact. The plan matured and was put into practice during the reign of Charles XI. The provinces were to furnish one or more regiments of infantry or cavalry or both according to the size of the province and quality of the soil.

Each parish—there are no counties in



AT THE ADJUTANT'S WINDOW.



OFFICERS OF SWEDISH ARMY, AT CHICAGO ENCAMPMENT, 1897.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, SWEDISH ARMY, CHICAGO ENCAMPMENT.

Sweden although many counts—was to furnish a company. The farms in the parishes were surveyed and made into districts called 'soldiers' cantons.' For the infantry each canton should furnish a soldier, set aside for him a small homestead, build thereon a cottage and necessary outbuildings. In addition to a dwelling place, this small farm yields him a yearly income of about 150 crowns (forty dollars). In consideration of this, the soldier will in time of peace give about six weeks of his time each year for regimental and other encampments and such other duties as he may be ordered to do. His term of service is not fixed, but as a rule consists of many—often up to thirty—years.

When a recruit has been accepted as a soldier he cannot be dismissed for any cause except upon a mutual agreement between canton owner or owners, his captain and himself, or on account of old age, failing health or bad conduct.

Every soldier in the standing army has the right to a pension at the age of fifty years provided he has served thirty years; and as the pension although small is the goal all soldiers desire to reach, a natural consequence is that the service of a soldier in this branch of the army is

long, and probably also a cause for the name 'standing army.'

Men serving in the rifle corps are exceptions to the general pension law as they are entitled to pension at the age of forty-five years and after a service of



MAJOR W. KNUDSEN, ROYAL NORWEGIAN CAVALRY.



LIEUTENANT DIC, NORWAY.

twenty-five years. When a vacancy occurs in any of the cantons the owner or owners look about for a suitable recruit. As the man will be a permanent neighbor of theirs it is natural that the canton owners are very particular in their choice. When found, the canton master (the owner of the head canton) presents the applicant to the captain, who closely inquires into his character and standing in the community.

The recruits are inspected for final approval at musters held twice a year before the governor of the province and the commander or colonel of the regiment. Here the agreements entered into between the canton master, as representing the canton, and the proposed recruit are confirmed. The recruit must show a certificate of good moral character, be over seventeen and under twenty-five years of age, not less than five feet and five inches tall and physically perfect.

The soldier is given a bounty of from ten to 100 crowns and a yearly cash allowance of about fifteen crowns in addition to the aforesaid small homestead. During yearly encampments or when ordered out on other military services the soldier is maintained at the expense of the government. Originally the uniforms were furnished by the can-

tons but at present the government does this.

The total number of infantry cantons is 20,376 of which about ten per cent. is set apart and rented, the income therefrom being applied to payment of the regimental band and non-commissioned officers. Every recruit when accepted is given a number in the company and also a name, generally a short one. The name given is not always descriptive of the person, as Carl Anderson, a very mild-looking inoffensive modest young man may be called 'No. 50 Tiger'; while Johan Johanson, a man with broad shoulders, a heavy mustache, sharp penetrating eyes and an appearance that would indicate he was another Charles XII. would be known as 'No. 71 Lam' (Lamb).

The young recruit is made up of material that will make a good soldier. From early childhood he has been taught by parents and employer to do right, trust in God and—obey. His active and hardy life has given him a strong and healthy constitution. All this lessens the hardships of a soldier not only in the performance of tiresome duties but also in submitting without a murmur to the iron yoke of discipline.

The recruits go into camp in the beginning of May. Here is where the raw ma-



COLONEL OTTO NYQUIST, NORWAY.

terial is to receive its first and last polish before being accepted as 'approved troops.' It is amusing and at times pro-



RECRUIT SQUAD.

voking to see the awkwardness and stupidity that some recruits show.

To remodel the young man is a trying undertaking and requires much patience on the part of the instructing officer, but the recruit is attentive and willing to do all that is required of him, and sometimes more, as the following incident will show: A sergeant passed a recruit doing duty as sentinel. The recruit presented arms. The sergeant saluted back but stopped and asked if he did not know that he should present arms only to commissioned officers whereupon the recruit said, "I know, but from kindness I do so to you."

The officers treat the men with courtesy and consideration, and a certain feeling of fellowship exists among them that is remarkable and is never violated by impudence or lack of respect injurious to discipline.

Each province has its own camp ground where barracks, messrooms and kitchens are erected by the government, which bears all expenses in connection with the encampments.

The tiresome complicated manual of arms has been very much simplified and

more attention is now paid to schools of instruction, gymnastics and target practice, etc.

The recruits must serve at least 104 days before accepted as 'approved.' Besides at the regimental encampment the companies have during the months of August or September to practise at rifle ranges located within the company district or parish. Those who are to be trained as sharpshooters (eight men from every company) have in addition thereto eight days' target practice every year with their regiments.

In the autumn the troops of the military district are assembled under the command of their respective district commanders for training in field service. On these occasions the forces are always divided into two bodies which represent antagonistic armies. Here the tactics,



POT HUNTING.

outpost and picket duties, etc., are studied and put into practice. One fifth to one fourth of the standing army takes part in these manoeuvres, and in addition to these some of the enlisted troops.

From every company of both the standing and enlisted army, four men are taken every year to serve as sappers. These go back to their respective companies after a service of four years. The sappers are instructed in the construction of small field fortifications and in the performance of ordinary engineer work, by officers specially detailed for this duty.

Instruction is given to all soldiers in the corporals' school and the schools for non-commissioned officers in the following subjects: Reading, writing, arithmetic, practical geometry, 'corporals' instruction,' army regulations, the military code, musketry, tactics, field fortifications, military surveying, elementary surgery, field, outpost and skirmish service, drill, target practice, gymnastics, fencing and swimming. The infantry is armed with rifles and the cavalry with carbines, all of modern invention and manufactured in Sweden, partly by the government and partly by a private company. The regimental organization is about the same as in the United States army. The company consists of one captain, two first lieutenants, one second

lieutenant, four sergeants, twelve corporals, five musicians (drummers and buglers) and 120 privates.

Four companies make a battalion, two battalions constitute a regiment. In time of war a regiment is formed into three battalions of 800 men each by calling in the reserve. There are forty-seven troops

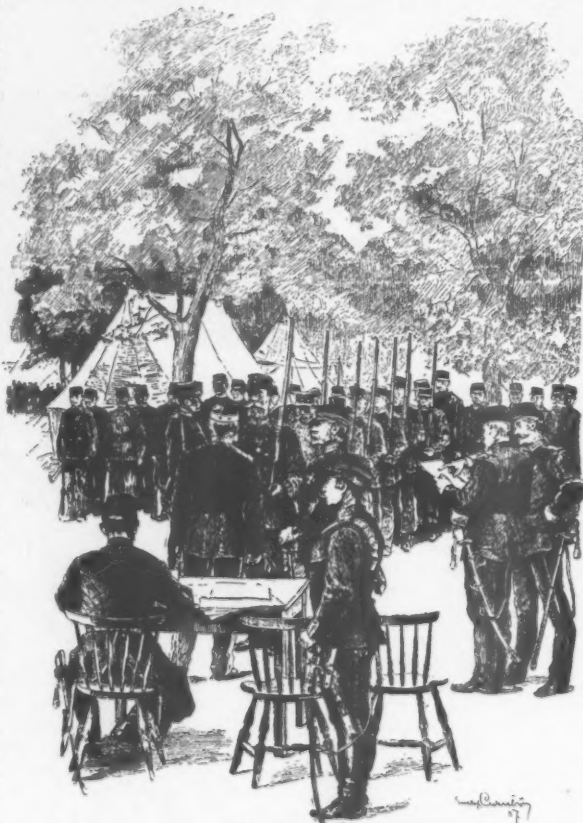
of cavalry in the Swedish army.

A troop of cavalry consists of one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, four sergeants, six corporals, three buglers and eighty-three to ninety-three (in time of war 100) men.

The artillery consists of thirty batteries or three regiments, six garrison companies and nine batteries of reserve. The staff of an artillery regiment is:

One colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, four majors, six captains, three first and six second lieutenants, one master of horse (captain), two chaplains, one surgeon and two assistant surgeons, one paymaster, one auditor, one veterinary surgeon, three sergeant-majors, six sergeants and two staff buglers.

A battery has five commissioned officers, five sergeants, twelve corporals, four buglers and eighty-eight to 103 pri-



GENERAL MUSTER.

vates. A regiment of artillery is formed of five divisions and a battery divided into three sections, each section having two guns.

The general staff is composed of one chief (general), one colonel, three lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, sixteen captains and eight first lieutenants, who are detached as follows: One to assist the secretary of war, one assisting the chief of the general staff, five in the executive department of the war ministry, five chiefs of staff in each of the five military districts, one assisting the inspector-general of cavalry, one for the life guard's brigade, one assisting the commander of Gottland and one at the commissary department. The remainder to serve at headquarters of the general staff.

To receive a commission as an officer in the regular army, one is required to be a graduate of the cadet school. To be admitted to the cadet school the young man must be a graduate of some college and have served as recruit at the recruit and regimental encampments of a regiment from which he must have a certificate that he has qualified as a recruit. The course at the cadet school is of two years' duration. The studies are: Military tactics by company and regiments, military code, target practice, gunnery (firing at horizontal and elevated ranges), strategy, fortifications, pontoon and bridge building, practical geometry, surveying, topogra-

phy, swimming, manual of arms, fencing, sword and bayonet exercises, gymnastics and riding.

After having passed the final examination the cadet is eligible for appointment as second lieutenant in any branch of the army. For promotion from second lieutenant in the artillery and engineer corps and to be entitled to an appointment as a member of the general staff, the officer must attend a three-year course of study at institutions for that purpose.

Officers in the engineer corps are now trained as civil engineers at the polytechnic institute, where mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, mechanical and chemical technology, descriptive geometry, geology, topography, architecture, the construction of roads, etc., are taught.

Officers seeking an appointment to the general staff, and second lieutenants in the artillery to be entitled to promotion, must graduate from the military academy, where instruction is given in mathematics, mechanics, descriptive geometry, physics, chemistry, gunnery, fortifications, tactics, strategy, military history, architecture, mathematical and military geography, topography and the French language. The studies in a college include the French, German and Latin or English languages. The study of French in the military academy is to enable the officer to talk and write the language fluently.





THE SHAH AND HIS SUITE AT TEHERÂN.

DIPLOMATIC LIFE AT THE COURT OF PERSIA.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

DIPLOMATIC life in Persia has of course many of the features which appertain to official life elsewhere. It presents some details however which are not seen at any European court—details that are of especial interest because they remind us of the forms which obtained in former ages in Europe, of which we read but which are no more to be seen there. As Persia comes more and more under foreign influences her old-time customs are slowly but surely undergoing a change that must perhaps in our day produce a great change in her foreign relations and her diplomatic methods. It may not be unimportant therefore to jot down some of the more characteristic points of diplomatic routine at Teherân on the principle that the truest historical painting is that which represents contemporary events.

Without going into an examination of the question whether Persia obtained her exalted opinion of the high dignity and inviolable character of a diplomatic agent from Europe or whether Europe learned the principle from Persia, it is sufficient to consider that for centuries the government of that country has shown great honors to foreign embassies and demanded equal respect from them. So far have these sentiments prevailed that a Russian minister and his suite were refused an audience by shah Abbass and sent back to Moscow because they were so much in need of a bath, their clothes being much in the same condition. Undoubtedly some of the attentions shown by the shah toward for-

eign envoys were suggested by the character of the country. To this cause we may attribute the existence of an official called the mehmândâr, whose especial duty it is to meet foreign envoys at the frontier and escort them to the capital. This is done on the first arrival of a minister; but if he leaves on a congé, on merely returning to his post the courtesy is not repeated, it being supposed by a pleasant fiction that he has never been away.

To a minister first arriving in that remote and singular country nothing can be more welcome than to find a competent official prepared to greet him and relieve him of the numerous difficulties that confront one who first essays a horseback journey to Teherân with family and baggage. An ordinary traveller finds enough difficulties, but an envoy who is obliged to maintain a certain dignity might be subjected to many special annoyances, if new to the country, unless assisted by the efficient courtesy of the mehmândâr.

The usual place of arriving since the Caucasus has been opened to travel and steamers have been launched on the Caspian sea is at Rescht. But although a city of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, it has no hotel properly speaking, the native khans and caravansaries being but very poor substitutes for an envoy advancing to a first audience with the shah.

The port of Rescht is Enzeli; it is accessible only to small coasters. The steam packets are obliged to anchor out-

side and no landing can be effected when a strong breeze blows from the north and east, but the steamer goes to the next port beyond. In any case, crossing the bar in the frail beach boats manned by Persians is attended with discomfort and some peril. The shah possesses a small steam yacht presented to his Majesty by the czar. This is the only government ship now belonging to Persia, and the only vessel which is permitted by the Russian treaty to fly the Persian colors on the Caspian sea. This yacht is however of considerable use in carrying the shah to and from the steam packet when he makes a journey to Europe. To a foreign envoy it is also of great value on his first arrival in Persia. When about to embark at Baku a telegram is sent to Teherân and orders are immediately despatched to the captain of the royal yacht at Enzeli to hold himself in readiness to go out and bring the envoy on shore.

It had been blowing violently from the north when we arrived at Enzeli, and there was a heavy surf tumbling on the bar. It was therefore a great relief to see the little white steam yacht with crimson curtains in her cabin windows, the oriental insignia of royalty, coming out to meet us. While we awaited her coming it was with strange emotions that we viewed the country where a United States legation was about to be established for the first time. The shores were low and sandy and rimmed with a shining silver band of foam. On the right were the red roofs of the town peeping through dense foliage. Beyond the coast line a dark blue-green wall of vegetation, the massive forests of Ghilân, stretched east and west far as the eye could see, and above it towered the tremendous ridges of the Elborz, a faint lilac tint, and the loftier peaks capped with snow. It was with especial interest that I contemplated those mountains, for those heights must be scaled before we could look on the towers of Teherân and appear in the presence of the Shah-in-Shah or King of Kings.

We were escorted by our courteous mehmândâr between files of soldiers to a picturesque kiosk of the shah, faced with glazed tiles. There we were served with an elegant breakfast, and the boats were then announced which were to take us to Rescht.

After crossing the lake of Rescht called the Murdab, we entered a small deep tawny stream leading to Rescht landing where we were received in the salaamlîk or reception room of the custom house by the valee or governor of the province of Ghilân. After the habitual refreshments we mounted the handsome horses provided for us and rode to the governor's residence in the city of Rescht. Midway we were met by a deputation of governors of neighboring towns and the magnates of Rescht.

After resting two or three days at Rescht we finally started for the capital. We were obliged to take bedding with us and a cook besides our other servants. There are two ways of travelling in Persia. By chappa or post, which means that by special arrangement with the postoffice department one may have fresh horses provided at each station; the stations are three to five farsakhs apart, the farsakh being about four miles. The usual gait is a canter and one may cover one hundred miles a day. The other mode of travel in Persia is by caravan. This word applies with us to the train or convoy of travellers and freight which slowly wends over a desert land. It really means the method of travel which is to proceed at the rate of about three miles an hour, making an average of thirty miles a day, although over mountainous roads it is naturally less than that, especially if accompanied by a tachtravân or litter carried between two mules.

The khâns or station houses where we halted were primitive structures of adobe picturesquely situated; however, a man always went ahead to have the principal rooms swept out; the mule with the rugs followed; and on arriving we found a comfortable apartment commanding a grand view of a solitary land, and a hot cup of tea and a meal awaiting us. We generally halted in the middle of the day, between nine and four, and rode nearly all night, the warm season having begun. There is a wonderful charm in this mode of travel in that romantic country.

By toilsome zigzag roads we passed from the superb forest land of the Ghilân up the barren craggy sides of the Elborz and up the Kharzân pass. We climbed seven thousand feet, and on either hand

could see far higher peaks and the eagle poising unmolested in the blue ether overhead, still and silent as a bronze fig- dividing ridge over the vast plateau of central Persia stretching southward 700 miles to Ormuz and the azure sea of



FERUKH KHAN, NEGOTIATOR OF FIRST TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES, NOW PERSIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

ure suspended from the cope of heaven. Sometimes the stillness was broken by the tinkle of a camel or a donkey bell as we met caravans of freight, or the bleat of sheep and goats came to us from the flocks browsing on the lovely mountain heights; and then we looked from the

pearls, where in fancy I seemed to discern the palm groves nodding in the breezes of the tropics.

On that side the slope is gradual and little over 2000 feet. At the village of Aga Babâ we found the elders and governor of Casbeen awaiting us in the pretty

reception room of the *konâk*. Dishes of comfits and candied fruits were arranged in the centre of the room to give a pleasant taste in the mouth of the guest of the shah, as the governor pleasantly said with oriental suavity.

At Aga Babâ carriages had been provided and from there we drove over a landscape blooming with orchards to the ancient city of Casbeen.

In a place so especially oriental and Mahometan as Casbeen and at such a distance from the seaboard, and after the very primitive wayside hostels where we

Teherân are far more comfortable and attractive than those seen on the previous part of the journey.

At Casbeen carriages are furnished, and over a smooth road of eighty miles across the plain one hurries to Teherân.

On approaching the capital at the last station the foreign envoy becomes aware that he is entering upon a new and entirely novel stage of his diplomatic experience. He is met there by mounted aids covered with gold lace who escort him to the royal pavilion at the racecourse just without the walls of the capital. Several



THE ELEPHANT-TOOTH ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN.

had stopped on the way, it was indeed a surprise to find a most excellent hotel awaiting us. It stands at the end of a broad tree-shaded avenue near one of the finest and oldest mosques in Persia. The apartments are few but elegant and spacious. The building belongs to the government and was primarily constructed for the accommodation of the foreign envoys at the court of Persia. The central apartment is almost like an audience hall and gives on a terrace which commands a superb prospect over the country. It may be added that the remaining stations between Casbeen and

regiments are drawn up to salute him and as he leaves the carriage and enters the pavilion he finds himself amid a throng of the chief civil and military functionaries of the kingdom, in brilliant uniforms resplendent with orders and gems which altogether eclipse the plain black suit which an edict of congress has prescribed to our envoys at foreign courts.

After the expression of sentiments of welcome and the usual refreshments, all proceed to mount and the cortège with the envoy at the head slowly proceeds to the quarters provided for him in the city. Military evolutions enliven the proces-

sion and the crack cavalry regiments of Persia wheel in front of the cortège in the most wonderful manner, exhibiting feats of horsemanship in which orientals excel. The streets, the walls, the house-tops are crowded with spectators as the procession moves forward; a regiment of guards awaits the minister at his residence and presents arms as he alights at his door. It is not thus that foreign envoys accredited to the United States are received when they arrive at Washington. They are more likely to be met by enterprising and not over-scrupulous reporters who invent as they choose and do not hesitate if so minded to make capital out of their command of crude ridicule.

The royal audience follows in a day or two attended with equal pomp. The audience is given in the magnificent hall furnished with table and chairs covered with beaten gold and containing the famous peacock throne and other treasures accumulated by Persia for several ages past. Until the present reign it was the custom for the shah to remain seated on his throne on his knees. But Nasr-ed-Deen Shah when receiving foreign representatives stands, and on their approach indicates the spot a distance of three or four feet from him where they are to stand during the interview. The head interpreter, a functionary of the highest rank, usually his Majesty's brother-in-law, stands on his left a little below, and the master of ceremonies, who at present is his son-in-law, is on the right hand in robes of state. On ordi-

nary occasions the minister of foreign affairs is also present on the right.

The interview is held in French except on the rare occasion of a foreign envoy speaking court Persian fluently. His Majesty understands French and sometimes if in specially good spirits addresses a few words directly to the envoy in that lan-

guage. But that is a condescension which as a monarch he cannot habitually indulge in when conversing with the representative of a foreign power.

His Majesty of course speaks first with a few words of welcome. The new envoy replies in a brief but carefully considered speech and then presents the letter accrediting him. At a sign from the shah he deposits it on a salver of gold in the hands of the chief interpreter. A few more formal words from the shah, a brief pause which indicates that the audience is at an end and the envoy retires backward to the entrance, while the king stands until he has passed the door; amid a salvo of artillery the envoy enters the carriage preceded by twelve royal pages in scar-

let and wearing scarlet plumes. He proceeds from the palace to pay the first formal calls on the minister of foreign affairs, and the minister of war who is also governor of Teherân, the prince Naïb-e-Sultan, third son of the shah. This is a pretty good afternoon's work; and after it is over the envoy is a fully accredited minister at the court of Persia and may proceed to grapple with the business which it is his mission to superintend. Before he is through with it he



A CABINET MINISTER IN COURT ROBES.

will find that diplomatic life in spite of its supposed attractions, is not all roses any more than other pursuits, requiring, especially at an eastern court far from home, tact, courage, pertinacity and infinite patience.

Without saying a word to the disparagement of our self-sacrificing missionaries, it may be said *en passant* that a legation that includes them under its care has unusual difficulties to encounter. A merchant trading in the country may require diplomatic or consular aid but it is simply in regard to problems which may occur anywhere having no relation whatever to the religious prejudices of the people. Such difficulties may be settled by ordinary tact and patience. But the instant a missionary crosses the frontier of a Mahometan country he is recognized as one who comes with aggressive purposes intending to attack and undermine and overthrow the institutions of the country which extends him hospitality. Granting for argument's sake that his purpose is wholly disinterested and his beliefs of a higher order than theirs, the people of that country may yet naturally be counted upon to resent his intrusion and view his attacks on their creed and institutions with undisguised hostility. They are not to be blamed for that nor is it surprising that although protected by treaties, the missionaries are subjected to frequent and often serious annoyances and infractions of their treaty rights, which they of course attribute to the sinfulness of the people without fully considering the provocation that inheres in all missionary effort. However well-meaning the government may be or however inclined to maintain the articles of the treaty, yet it must be considered that many members of the government share the natural prejudices of the people, while in an autocratic form of government like that of Persia it may not always be prudent for those in high authority to exhibit too earnest a zeal in crushing those who attack the missionaries.

It must be evident from these facts that a foreign envoy at Teherân has to deal with a peculiar class of difficulties. Scarcely a day passes in which a United States minister at that place fails to have some case brought to his attention arising from collisions between our mission-

aries and the natives, each being an aggressor, the former on the prejudices of the natives, the latter on the treaty rights of the former. Our envoy has in the exercise of his duty to overcome the most determined, the most deeply rooted of human prejudices—religious fanaticism; which in the case of Persia is aided by the fact that the national existence is founded upon the religious belief. Great energy is required to overcome this obstacle, while on the other hand caution is essential lest by going too far the envoy so arouses the fanaticism of the people as in the end to do injury to the interests of the very citizens whose rights he is trying to protect. Doubtless in time these obstacles will lose their force; increased contact with Europeans will modify the prejudices of the Persians, but it will take time for this desirable result to be reached. In this connection the writer desires to state that in all his dealings with officers of the Persian government he met with uniform courtesy and most dignified bearing. Whatever their shortcomings on the score of dilatoriness or insincerity, their manner in official matters was so uniformly courteous and so entirely adapted to their position as to inspire respect and admiration.

One of the most curious facts about diplomatic life at Teherân concerns the way that a diplomatic agent is lodged there. There is no hotel or boarding house at which he can put up, temporarily at least, excepting a humble but well-kept French hostelry where a foreign envoy could not stay in deference to the dignity of the government he represents. The other legations have large and elegant permanent quarters provided, furnished and maintained by their respective governments. On arriving at Teherân I found myself therefore in the curious predicament of having no place to lodge. The shah most considerately and generously placed one of the royal demesnes, a former garden and summer mansion, at my disposal. Feeling that we had already received sufficient attentions from our royal host I found it expedient to decline the courteous offer and temporarily accepted part of the house of one of our citizens until a suitable residence could be found. Then the building selected had to be furnished

at considerable expense. If one considers that on retiring from his post our minister must sell all his furniture at a great depreciation, it is evident that the last item makes a large hole in a salary that is ridiculously inadequate under the circumstances.

When the summer comes the shah and his court leave the capital, and during four months the foreign office is at the country seat of the minister of foreign affairs, nine miles from Teherân, at the foot of the Shimrân range. The entire diplomatic corps also goes to the Shimrân.

ceeding 600. It is not their number that gives them importance and requires the presence of eight legations in that country for their protection, although they would have the right to expect protection from their governments whatever be their number or their station in life; but for the most part they are people of some importance, although of very varied character. They represent large mercantile establishments, or they manage the Indo-European telegraph, or they are missionaries or civil engineers or professors in the civil and military schools. Most of them



THE THRONE OF FETH ALEE, GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT SHAH.

All the ministers but the United States minister have ample and handsome summer quarters furnished them by their governments. Diplomatic life being thus transferred to the country, and the heat of the city at that season being very exhausting for a European, the mercury often ranging from 110° to 112° Fahrenheit in the shade for weeks at midday, our minister is obliged to follow the European colony and rent a summer place at his own expense.

The European colony including the diplomatic corps at Teherân numbers perhaps 300 individuals, the entire number of Europeans in Persia probably not ex-

ceeding 600. It is not their number that gives them importance and requires the presence of eight legations in that country for their protection, although they would have the right to expect protection from their governments whatever be their number or their station in life; but for the most part they are people of some importance, although of very varied character. They represent large mercantile establishments, or they manage the Indo-European telegraph, or they are missionaries or civil engineers or professors in the civil and military schools. Most of them

have property rights demanding protection. The colony at Teherân has no social relations with the Persians except of the most formal character. The ministers occasionally give an official dinner at which prominent officials of the court are sometimes present and there is considerable interchange of official calls with the Persian gentry, useful for the extension of influence but often quite burdensome owing to the time and formality they require. Otherwise the European colony lives entirely as a distinct community surrounded by an alien race who regard them askance and sometimes with ill-con-

cealed jealousy or contempt according as the feeling is inspired by national or religious prejudice. These 300 foreigners associate like a microcosm representing a dozen different peoples with various pursuits and various creeds, but all united by a common bond of sympathy as strangers far from home, isolated among Asiatics and Mahometans, and liable to a common peril in case of a popular rising stimulated by unreasoning fanaticism. But this very isolation produces a species of democracy that might not be permitted at home. One's antecedents are not too carefully examined and even when it is darkly rumored that there is a cloud on this or that name, a certain sinister something in their record, yet it is tacitly conceded that so long as they conduct themselves with reasonable credit by-gones shall be by-gones and many of them have therefore the entrée to the legations and to the receptions given by the ladies of the diplomatic corps.

The amusing part of it is the excessive punctilio shown by each member of this European community after he has once been received into society at Teherân. The tenth son of an impoverished German baron will haughtily stand up for his precise seat at an official dinner. An adventurer who has scoured the earth and left an unsavory reputation in half the capitals of Europe will allow no trifling with the rank he expects to be accorded him among the upper circles of European society at Teherân. So long as there is no collision on this score he proves to be perhaps a very intelligent and agreeable companion.

Gossip of course prevails to a most extraordinary degree. No one is safe from the tongue of slander, and mischief is greatly increased by the valuable aid of the horde of sly Persian servants who are notorious spies, eavesdroppers of phenomenal genius and tale-bearers and liars of the first magnitude. Many of these varlets have a trick of picking up a good knowledge of French or English. This fact they often conceal when seeking a situation in a European house. Not suspecting that his waiter or pishketmêt understands every word he says, the master converses freely before him and is afterward surprised to learn that matters he considered confidential have been carried

over the entire community by a little bird called eavesdropper. Occasionally one hears of challenges given and accepted as a result of this state of things but they are generally hushed up as I never heard of a duel being actually fought while I was there. Indeed it was a cause of surprise to me that in view of these facts the European society at Teherân moved along as smoothly as it did. It must be admitted that it included many individuals of wide information, offering great diversity of character and in some cases unusual social talents.

The diplomatic corps forms of course an inner circle entirely by itself far more distinctly differentiated than at most European capitals where diplomatists are practically merged in the vast seething crowd of a great city having a community of tastes with them, and emphasizing their identity only on rare occasions of state. In an oriental country the conditions are quite opposite chiefly for the following reasons: It is now a universally accepted rule that foreigners living in Christian countries shall in all civil or criminal cases be tried in the courts of the country where the difficulty requiring adjustment occurs. The minister or consul can only see that a fair decision is ren-



A GRANDSON OF THE SHAH.

dered according to the laws, and in case of injustice refer the matter to his government. But owing to the entirely different procedure in oriental countries it has always been and continues to be the practice to relegate some of these questions of justice to the foreign envoys and consuls resident there, this method being allowed by the governments of those nations by treaty. Thus in Persia while an American citizen in the case of a difficulty with a Persian must have a trial in a Persian court an American official must also be present who can protest if the proceedings are not in accordance with justice. But in the case of the United States against an American citizen or between American citizens, the trial must be held in a consular court under direction of the American minister to whom an appeal may be made and from him in certain cases to the supreme court of the United States through the department of state at Washington. In the case of a contest between citizens of the United States and of a foreign power having a legation at Teherân then the trial must be held in the legation of the defendant either according to the laws of the country of said legation or on terms to be mutually agreed upon.

This system requires a special code at each legation of the United States in an oriental country, and in accordance with the rule the writer prepared a modified form of the code used at Constantinople, adapted to Persia. It is evident that owing to these facts the relations of the different legations at Teherân must necessarily be more intimate than at the courts of a Christian nation. The foreign envoys have questions to discuss and problems to settle among themselves which would not arise in Europe and are thus brought into closer business relations; and while having in this way greater opportunities of social intercourse are also more keen to watch each other's intentions and plans. To show the still somewhat nebulous condition of the legal rights of Europeans at Teherân one may cite for example a certain land case which came up for settlement while the writer was in Persia. The question raised was the title to a valuable piece of land in Teherân. The defendant was an American citizen, the plaintiff a Russian sub-

ject. As the case was entirely between Europeans, one would naturally suppose that international law as accepted by Christian nations would be the basis on which to decide the question. According to that law the title to land must be proved according to the laws of the country wherein the land lies. In spite of this fact the Russian minister proposed to try the case in defiance of this fundamental principle of international law merely for the reason that we were in an oriental country. This would have raised new and unnecessary problems. It was only after several weeks of discussion that he conceded the point. But when the case went against him he appealed to a court of three ministers mutually selected and invited to decide the question. They sustained the decision of the court held in the United States legation and thus established a precedent regarding a question which ought never to have been raised.

Perhaps on account of their isolation and the prominence which the diplomatic corps maintains at Teherân, being constantly under the keen observation of a jealous and suspicious government, great stress is laid on every detail of etiquette in this little official community. It is carried to a whimsical degree when the dean of the diplomatic corps sends his first secretary to inquire of the American minister on his arrival whether he proposes to exchange official calls in a uniform or a plain suit of black according to the prescribed usage of American ministers, stating at the same time that if the latter be the case then the diplomatic corps would dispense with their gold lace and decorations. I could only reply that I should wear the same suit in which I appeared before the president of the United States and the shah of Persia; but that I must out of respect to my country require of them the exact uniform in which they also presented themselves in an audience with his Majesty. It was a burning question which however did not keep me awake a minute for there was no other course for me to follow. I reasoned also that with \$200,000,000 or \$300,000,000 of surplus in the treasury we were quite able to hold our own on the question of gold lace and trimmings with some of the debt-laden countries of Europe if we chose to do so. In a day

or two I was courteously informed that the dean had decided to waive his objections. But while we have thus far succeeded in presenting our diplomatic agents at every court in plain black, it is not improper to suggest that the regulation appears somewhat like making a boast of republican simplicity similar to the way the Spartans had of flaunting their rags at the Olympic games; is it not an affectation which ill becomes a people known to be in many respects one of the most extravagant and the most fond of ostentatious display in Christendom?

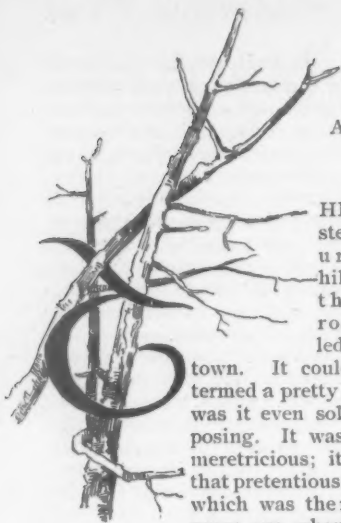
The attachés of the legations at Teherân wage a perpetual war with each other on the question of official etiquette. At every diplomatic dinner for example some one of them seeks by underhand methods to obtain a seat above the others. If he succeeds then dire is the rage; one would think a crisis had arrived in the destiny of the universe. It may be said in extenuation of what seems a very small business that the relative importance and influence of these attachés and to a certain degree of their legations with the Persians are affected by these details of etiquette. Not altogether informed of Christian social and official rules, orientals are shrewd enough to judge by the way they treat each other.

Whatever goes on in the European colony at Teherân is carefully reported to Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, and he is undoubtedly biassed to some extent by what he hears from that source. In his relations with foreign envoys he admits, it must be added, of a course exceedingly rare at European courts. He sometimes grants special audiences to ministers who submit a case of importance directly to his personal attention instead of through the intervention of the minister of foreign af-

fairs. At such audiences his Majesty is found to be courteous and broad-minded, willing to listen and sometimes deciding on the spot by giving a direct command to the minister of foreign affairs who is present on the occasion.

The writer has elsewhere alluded to the patriotic and enlightened character of this wise and progressive monarch. Were he at entire liberty to act without the jealous intervention of Russia or England or the obstinacy of a reactionary hierarchy, there is no question that Persia would make yet more decided steps to place herself in line with the nations of Christendom. Persia is not an effete nation by any means. She has within herself the elements of inexhaustible vitality. Whether Turkey, if not sustained by the great powers, could rise from her effete condition we cannot tell, for this is her first and perhaps her last decline. But of Persia we do know that she has again and again sprung from apparent death to a new life of centuries buoyant as if she were a new people. The Turks also are essentially a military race, having little or no genius for trade. The Persians on the other hand not only have keen and cultivated literary tastes but they have mercantile enterprise and are very shrewd both in the acquisition and the keeping of property. I have not the slightest doubt that if left entirely to herself Persia would slowly but certainly emerge again from her present comparative obscurity to a fresh career of conquest, prosperity and splendor. But with the English lion on one side and the Russian bear on the other gazing fiercely at each other over the frontiers of this unfortunate country it is not easy to surmise nor safe to prophesy what is to be the ultimate destiny of Persia.





A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

HE home-
stead stood
under the
hill close to
the main
road which
led into the
town. It could not be
termed a pretty house nor
was it even solid or impos-
ing. It was big and
meretricious; it was in
that pretentious villa style
which was the rage forty
years ago when the colo-
nial architecture had gone out of fashion
and Queen Anne had not yet been awak-
ened; there were wood turrets which were
meaningless, verandas which looked out
on nothing in particular and porches
which led nowhere. Hundreds of such
houses disfigure nature all over the United
States. Where through fidelity or econ-
omy their owners have not tampered with
them they are hopeless; they are hideous
when they are embellished. One thing
indeed can be said in their favor: they have
usually high ceilings, wide doors and
generous windows admitting plenty of
light and air, and their rooms are often
large and sweetly cool. Queen Anne evi-
dently laid no stress on 'stuffiness'; she
was not accustomed to America in Au-
gust.

Of this particular structure it might be
said that the inside was pleasant enough;
not exactly elegant or even cosy, but
fresh, wholesome and on the whole com-
fortable. The grounds which environed
it and where the children played—there
were about twenty acres, counting the
adjacent meadow—were really quite
charming. There was soft mossy turf,
plenty of shade, a variety of fine thrifty
old trees and a general aspect of careful
gardening. The fences were excellent, and
the orchard which lay behind the house
was full of fruit. Plenty of flowers
bloomed on each side of the garden paths.
There was nothing as picturesque as a
barnyard, although invisible hens pro-

claimed themselves and three Holsteins
browsed in the pasture lot.

The stables were more modern than the
house and not less unsightly, and there
was more than a suspicion of new paint
about them. The trees however cast over
them a mantle of charitable shade and the
four well-fed horses had enough room. All
was cheerful and respectable, with a look
of middle-class affluence and entirely
well-to-do. The house was an object of
interest to every passer-by and the hack-
men who carried strangers up Harbor
Hill to see the view always pulled up a
minute and showed the place with pride
for it was the habitation of the 'great man'
of the town. Some predicted that he
would soon become the great man of the
state, perhaps one day of the nation;
who could tell? The hack driver who
was possessed of more imagination than
his colleagues enlarged upon his theme
and called the great man a great orator,
usually pronouncing the word 'oh-ra'tor.'

At the early hour when my story opens,
the great man's wife was standing in one
of the upper rooms which was suffused
with summer sunshine. It was a very
nice room indeed, so she thought when
her husband brought her to their home
twenty years before and she selected the
room for her own. Here she had slept
and worked, suffered and enjoyed, laughed
and cried; here she had borne and
brought up her children six in number.
Her domestic life had known but few in-
termissions. Twice six months in Eu-
rope and one trip to the west, with an oc-
casional visit to friends in the country
were the sum of her holidays; and these
last had become more and more rare with
the multiplying ties of maternity, and of
late they had almost entirely ceased.

Mrs. Lawton had never been fond of
travelling; even in Europe she had not
been quite happy. To be sure her hus-
band had on both occasions been forced
by business claims to return without her
and she had been left with young chil-
dren on her hands to amuse herself as best
she might. Her talents in this direction

were not great. She would have preferred to return with him, but being a poor sailor she thought it better for her health to take a few more weeks before these trying voyages. She looked back to these tours with sufficient pleasure as we do on our early education for she was intelligent enough to relish a mild form of sightseeing; but she had never got at the heart of life over there and had no imperative longing to repeat the experiment.

To return to the upper chamber. Mrs. Lawton was engaged at this particular moment in combing out her eldest girl's hair. Very lovely hair it was. Long, fine, light, it almost swept the floor as the mother wound it lovingly in and out and across her fingers.

"How nice and dry it is," she said. "Light hair is always fluffier than black. Your papa's used to be like this. It is a pity he has grown so gray."

"Impending cares of state," said the girl.

"I suppose we must hope so," sighed Mrs. Lawton, "but it is very upsetting."

"Cheer up, mammy. You know you will cry your eyes out if he is defeated."

"I don't know anything of the kind. Your mamma is not very ambitious."

"Well papa is then; enough for the whole family. Now dear, that will do. I just love to have you brush my hair. You have such a sweet cunning little way. When I have a headache it is a sure cure."

So saying Clemence shook her mane and rose from the contemplation of herself in her mother's dressing-table mirror.

She was a young miss of sixteen, well-made, healthy and excessively pretty with that indescribable sort of prettiness that is made up of complexion, beautiful hair and youth. She was a head taller than her mother, who was herself not undersized. Between them however there was little or no resemblance.

The mother was of medium height, inclined to plumpness, with agreeable dark eyes and regular features. She looked like a very well-preserved woman of forty and was so well preserved in fact that one wondered why she should not be taken to be younger. There were very few if any wrinkles upon her face. Her teeth were intact, her hair was abundant and her voice retained some of its girlish in-

flections. There had however been something about her for many years which people for lack of a better term called 'settled.'

It is difficult to say whether in her case it was in the figure or in the expression. Her hips were a little accentuated to be sure, but she was not heavy in either form or gait. She wore, on the other hand, that look of placid resignation one sees so frequently on the faces of the entirely domestic women, who years before have renounced all coquetry. Is the look a tribute to what they have missed? It would be hard to determine. It did not express discontent.

Mrs. Lawton would have told you and with candor that her existence had been an exceptionally happy one. No tragedies had touched it; hardly such common sorrows even as fall to the lot of most of us. Her greatest chagrin had been when her husband had entered the political arena, for this she thought might separate him more from her and the children; and she had lost a sister to whom she was attached. Her parents were still living and not very old; she had married the man she wanted; she had never lost a child; and her husband's political career had been more successful than their most sanguine imaginings.

Of course Daniel had been sure to succeed. She had hardly looked for disaster. He always did. He had ability, pluck and luck so people said, and of his ability his wife had no shadow of a doubt. She thought him a remarkable man, and remembered that old Mr. Cairns who was the wisacre of the city had always prophesied that Dan Lawton, who was then still very young and obscure, would 'make himself felt.' Those had been his words.

As Miss Clem tossed up her plentiful locks the door opened and her father stood on the threshold; his wife went up and kissed him.

"I hoped, papa, you were still asleep, you were up so late."

"I can't sleep until this infernal convention is over."

Mrs. Lawton's eyes rested on her husband's with trusting affection; he moved good-humoredly from her to his daughter, but seemed to be looking over the women at something beyond them.

A curly head was thrust in just now at

the other door, which led down a long passage to the nursery.

"I say, pop, when am I going to have my kite?"

"Is that you, you young rascal?" said Mr. Lawton raising the lovely boy under the armpits and swinging him as if he had been a featherweight onto his broad shoulder.

"You will have your kite when you learn to say the multiplication table and to spell hippopotamus backward."

"Please pop," said the little fellow whispering into the ear which was close by his mouth now and prying it open with his thumb and finger, "please pop say 'up to five' and let the hiporotamus go."

"Breakfast is ready, madam," announced a handsome maid in cap and apron.

The dining room was cheerful and the table was plainly but neatly set, the linen was snowy, the silver bright and there was plenty of excellent food—rather indifferently cooked it must be confessed.

The children were all at the table. Master Fred came down late in a velvetreen jacket and a collar which notched the ends of his ear lobes. He complained of everything, and when Clem said the biscuits were 'real hot' and good enough for boys, he repeated: "Real hot! Gad, what English!" and rolled his eyes up until they disappeared. By and by he said:

"Mother you had better send Clem to Miss Sewell's school. Blake's sister was there to finish and has come back what a girl ought to be."

Clem shouted out a peal of boisterous mocking laughter.

Fred put his hands up to his ears.

"Clem for Heaven's sake learn to modulate your voice. You don't know what bad form it is to scream and yell like that."

"There children stop squabbling. You disturb your papa. And Clem I don't know but what your brother is right. It may be a good notion for you to go to Europe to finish, but I don't see now how we could manage it."

Eighteen-year-old Fred a junior in a great college, his mother's pet, was apt to get her upon his side.

Miss Clem laughed again but lower this time, and gave forth with a snap two words—"Not much."

In the mean while Daniel Lawton was eating a poached egg, sipping his coffee, and gradually breaking the seals of a pile of letters and documents of all sizes and colors which had been piled near his plate. A waste basket had been drawn close to his seat, and as he drew them out one by one he opened and perused them; such as were of no consequence were quickly disposed of and thrown aside.

One of the secrets of this man's success had always been that he possessed the rare gift of rejecting the unimportant. Goethe tells us this is a characteristic of the master mind.

As the morning light played upon his forehead and his hair it was impossible not to be struck with the man's extraordinary good looks. He appeared to be in the prime and full vigor of a life which if it had been intensely had been so far wisely lived. Such marks as the years had left upon him were honorable and honest. His was one of those heads at which when men met him in the thoroughfare, they would turn to gaze back, saying to each other, "Look, this must be some distinguished man."

He sometimes overheard them and smiled, for while he was not entirely unaffected by flattery he was not vain. His hair, silky, fine as a woman's, now almost entirely gray, was worn rather long, was thrown back in waves from his broad forehead. His eyes were of a burning blue, piercing, attentive, often amused, sometimes implacable, yet capable of a tender light. His nose was straight forcible shapely, with sensitive nostrils; it was full of character; and the mouth was singularly beautiful.

Little Dan between mouthfuls of milk toast looked up and across at his big brother.

"Fred's got a mash on the Blake girl. I'll tell Nettie Andrews," he sung out.

His mother shook her head at him reprovingly but Fred superb and ignoring addressed his father rather pompously, thinking probably it was as well that further personal allusions should be instantly crushed.

"We took a vote in the class the other day, sir."

"Well?" Mr. Lawton's eyes had their most merry twinkle in them.

"They stood ten to one against Mc-Affy, sir, the regular voters, but the independents cut up rather rough."

"They did, did they? The young idiots!"

Fred had been an independent himself and a rather loud one a year ago, until one day having proclaimed his opinions at the dinner table amid stupefied silence his father had looked at him in a way which somehow had been 'damned uncomfortable,' as he confided afterward to one of his female admirers, the same long-suffering Nettie Andrews whose name his young brother had so irreverently tampered with. He remembered just such a look on his father's face the day he had taken Tim the obstreperous under-man by the shirt collar and sent him spinning half way across the road.

"What nonsense is this?" his fond parent had sternly asked. "Don't make a donkey of yourself, sir. Don't talk this infernal jargon at my table when I sit at it. When you want to air that sort of cheap cynicism let me know."

The last words had been spoken with loud emphasis and Mr. Lawton had glared terribly. Fred had squirmed. It is never pleasant to be sat upon particularly before the women.

Now to his women, like all true and good Americans who hope to win at least standing room in Heaven, Daniel Lawton was ever scrupulously courteous keeping such asperities of character as he might possess for the rougher contact with his own sex. His sons were kindly dealt with no doubt, but not indulged; they had a little wholesome fear of the 'governor,' somewhere hidden in the recesses of their happy hearts—a vague sense that he could not only claim but enforce obedience.

Since then Fred's political convictions had undergone some modifications, and he even deigned to take a considerable although never too eager interest in his father's career. All forms of eagerness or enthusiasm were part and parcel of those numberless emotions whose expression was vulgar and superfluous, and stamped a man at once as 'fresh,' than which no word in the English language could carry a more mortal stigma.

In his secret soul he thought his father rather 'fresh,' as indeed he was. He however pardoned him indulgently as belonging to a generation when such things were not looked upon with as much disfavor and did not at once stamp a man as entirely unfit for all social uses.

Then the better side of the boy's nature which was pure and sweet enough flared up occasionally and gave a flash from under the pale lashes under which he concealed it and acknowledged itself proud of the head of the family. Once in a moment of weakness Fred had even been heard to declare that the 'pater' was 'immense.'

To the father the son's temperament was peculiarly unsympathetic, the entire absence of any glaring vices having to be accepted as a sort of negative consolation for the absence of all great virtues.

Mrs. Lawton who adored her son always said, "He is only a bit extravagant on his clothes; he has no bad habits"; and she was surprised that her husband's appreciation of this great 'blessing' as she would have called it was rather cold.

Once indeed he had replied a trifle impatiently "But has he any temptations?" at which his wife had opened her eyes very widely. "Why at his age," he continued, "I was just overflowing, irrepressible."

"You were good enough when I met you Dan."

"Ah! That was five years later. Let me see I was twenty-two was I not then? The 'uses of adversity' had already sobered and made a man of me. But I often think," he added gallantly, "if I hadn't married you my dear so early I should probably have gone to the devil."

CHAPTER II.

Constance lay at full length stretched out upon her bed. Her tumbled locks were on the pillow making a dim aureole about her fair face. Her two arms lay out upon the fine silk counterpane with the lace ruffles of her nightdress falling half over her long hands.

She looked up at the bedhangings with their canopy of antique carvings, and their pathetic tone of color, and she sighed. She was laughter-loving enough and drank deeply every day of life and of love. But which of us has not sighed

when the dawn awakes us from its paradise of early dreams?

She was a woman of fashion and this means to a certain extent a slave; and although she strained at the chain of custom so as to stretch it to its utmost limits, nay, people said almost to snap its subtle links, she was wise enough or perhaps too indolent to break the leash altogether and escape into the uncertain outside world. She had no



ON THE TRAY WERE TEA, TOAST,
A BUNCH OF GRAPES, SOME
VIOLETS, A BUNDLE OF
LETTERS.

as beggars where they had once been sovereigns. She felt that she would have been too proud to do this; nevertheless being a person of observation and good judgment, she had reflected and pondered over these things and she realized that it is only women of very superior intellect and men whose angel wings are already growing who can be contented outside the pale of social conventions.

Today she sighed. Yet it was a sunlit

world she looked out at from under the curtains which shrouded her so discreetly from glare and draft. The light streamed in at the half-opened window into which rich vines flower-laden were tossing to and fro in the gentle wind. Their faint smell moist and acrid was wafted to her on the breeze and she drew in her breath to drink of their fragrance. Odors had a peculiar effect upon her and wherever she went herself she left a vague perfume which was the despair of her rivals. No pharmacy seemed able to supply the essence. Who knows, perhaps it was only the essence of health and of a generous blood!

The great room was as splendid and delicate as were the flowers that waved outside. It was all hung in pale soft silks. White furs laid here and there on the inlaid floor. There were cushioned lounges insidiously suggestive of sensuous delights or of a beauty's dream of conquest; tall stiff carved chairs for devotional reading or serious contemplation; deep low ottomans for summer slumbers, leisure and listless reverie. The artistic Louis XVI. clock ticked majestically on the mantel shelf where were amassed a thousand and one ornaments, photographs, forgotten fans and useless knick-knacks which seem a part of an elegant woman's existence. Fine bits of porcelain were hidden in old carved wood cupboards or displayed on gilded *étagères*.

The dressing table was fairly laden with its sumptuous brushes and combs, powder boxes, ring stands, mirrors, *vinagrettes*, all of wrought gold with jewelled monograms. Among them a bouquet lay face downward fast fading, a half-soiled glove with its twenty buttons, and a note torn across in its envelope. In one corner the table was almost covered with books and magazines piled up close under a tall lamp demurely draped in its creamy lace-trimmed shade showing that the outfit of the mondain could not be complete without a tribute to mental needs, for the bedroom may have its hour when reflection must be banished or sleep wooed.

The books were a motley assortment: some Russian novels lie close to *Æschylus*, *Ouida's* latest upon a work on political economy, *Leopardi's* poetry and *George*

Meredith's prose. A German scientific treatise and Guy de Maupassant's last story; Henry James's *London Life* and Tolstoi's *De la Vie*.

The sigh heaved upon the awakening day brought a step across the threshold.

"Madame est éveillée?"

The Frenchwoman came and stood at the foot of the bed. She was not pretty and was plainly dressed with dark coiled hair. But when her mistress threw her a 'Bon jour' she smiled and displayed two rows of even, pretty white teeth which made her look charming. All the men in the house had tried to win that smile until at last at the altar the English butler had fixed it definitely upon himself. Since then it was still wooed but more respectfully and as it were without hope. Constance had taken some interest in the marriage.

The maid opened the shutters and let in a flood of warmth from the sunny side of the house. She then busied herself about the porcelain tub, filling it from a great water can and piling up towels beside it on a chair.

A knock at the door she answered directly and received into her outstretched hands a tray on which where tea, toast, a bunch of grapes, some violets and a bundle of letters. The tray was concealed with embroidered linen and the china service was of rare fabric.

Constance sat up and caught her tangled curls up into their comb; her maid helped her to slip on her peach-blossom jacket lined with satin; and, taking the light tray upon her knees—

"I am awfully hungry," she said.

"Would madame like a boiled egg?"

"No."

Before however providing for her hunger pangs she looked hurriedly at her letters. She threw three or four on a table near the bed where were a candle and an open book. The others she pushed under the tray all but one which she opened and read immediately. It was very short but it seemed eminently satisfactory. It read thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Gresham: How could you be so cruel last night? Promise me that cotillon tomorrow or I shall leave by the boat this afternoon and you will hear of me no more forever.

"Let me know what you will wear

that my roses may suit your gown. Say yes. Yours, T. F."

This was all but it was carefully perused twice. It is never unpleasant to be sure of leading a cotillon with the most desired of partners; and although such things had become a matter of course to Constance she was not yet heroically indifferent to them. There was a good deal of youth and humanity in her still.

She bent forward to smell the light-brown stream of the tea as it poured itself into the cup, and inspired its steam with a pant as she had the scent of the vines.

"It is sweeter than flowers. Oh how I like my tea!"

"Madame has the same sentiment I have for my *café au lait* in the morning. Without it I could not exist."

"Coffee! Nasty. Don't you like tea, Léontine?"

"I would as leave drink soap and water, madame."

"Very well you shall have some soap and water for your breakfast tomorrow."

"Madame jokes."

"Never."

"What will madame wear this morning?"

"My mauve foulard."

"Madame is not then going to visit or to the Casino?"

"Why not?"

"So simple?"

"Would you have me always covered with lace and jewelry? It is rococo and stupid."

"As madame desires."

"Give me my looking glass."

Léontine tripped lightly to the dressing table and disentangled the handglass from the long pink ribbon of the bouquet. She brought it to her mistress and then went back quickly and lifted the flowers, carried them to the window, sprinkled and loosened them and put them in a great white jar full of fresh water where they would catch the breeze.

"Such a pity," she muttered with a Frenchwoman's love of flowers and natural thrift.

In the mean while the mistress was gazing at herself in the glass. What do women see in these long contemplations? What hopes, what fears are reflected within this narrow margin of

metal and of quicksilver? meaningless to the child, full of promise to the girl, often of warning to the woman.

Constance was rarely satisfied with the survey. She had never admired her own style. She would have liked to be imposing and very pale. She could be the former, although not from any especial fitness of her features. The latter had so far been unattainable.

She made a grimace at herself, opened her mouth, looked at her teeth and her fresh pink gums, pushed back her hair which grew very low, turned her profile sideways as far as she could, only succeeding in seeing the tip end of her nose and then throwing the mirror away sprang from the bed onto the white bearskin. Her feet sank gratefully into its animal warmth. She donned a long dressing gown, slipped on a pair of high-heeled mules and taking her letters in one hand and holding her laces with the other where they were somewhat unfastened across her breast she walked energetically to a seat near a window, her heels resounding on the polished floor and began to peruse the rest of her mail.

Shall we look over her shoulder? The first letter that she opened was from a tradesman:

"Mrs. Gresham.

"Madam: Will you kindly let us know when you can fit your habit, as it is impossible to do the cover coat any justice unless fitted once more before it is sent home?

"Very respectfully, awaiting further commands. Peel & Wears,

"Tailors to her Majesty the queen of England, the empress of Austria, the empress of Russia, H. R. H. princess of Wales.

"London, Paris, Vienna, New York and St. Petersburg."

The second letter was on common paper and written in pencil:

"Dear Lady: I have been down with the malarial fever for three weeks. I was very sick; there was nothing that would lie on my stomach. I prayed to hear from you. I knew you would write. I knew you would send me something. I had no money left. I thought lemons and ice would save my life or I should burn up and die for a cold drink. I think I went mad when your letter came. When

it was given me I cried for joy. I didn't know what to do. I should have killed myself if the old man hadn't restrained me. I made some chicken soup and got ice and lemonade and every day I got better, thanks to you, God's angel that you are. Oh we get so tired here in the woods with never a book or paper. I shall be very thankful for anything to read. Those papers were splendid you sent. It was wonderful how that letter and that money came to me. I was wicked, yet God was helping me and I didn't know it. No more at present. I am so nervous I can hardly write. I keep your letter under my pillow. Well I will close, so good-by from

"Charley Hurry."

Poor wretch! Constance was touched by this letter. We are always touched by any genuine appreciation of our virtues.

"Poor miserable being!" Once when in mourning and low spirits, less at the bereavement which was not a bitter one than at the enforced retirement at which her vigorous senses chafed—she detested the world's hypocrisies—she had in an excess of impulsive energy taken to a sort of amateur philanthropy. It had left her with a number of helpless 'ne'er-do-wells' on her hands whose only recommendation was that they were poor devils who never could get on and that nobody else would assist. She had shouldered them and carried them valiantly enough long after her hospital visits and society meetings had been abandoned, saying with her low sweet laugh that the unworthy poor seemed to be her especial province.

The next was a woman's hurried note:

"Dearest Con: I am in an awful scrape. Didn't you say we should make up a party and go over to the convention in Ralph's yacht? Well I am crazy to do it, and I told Mrs. Leo I found I had made a mistake and must back out of her dinner, as I had promised myself to you for this expedition ten days ago. She is perfectly furious. I am in terror lest she should see you and you should tell her our yacht trip was impromptu. Please dear sustain me in my lie! It is a pretty huge one.

"They say that man Lampson or Lawton or Dawton or whoever he is will speak—you know who I mean—and that

he is quite wonderful, that really everybody is talking about him and it is stupid of us never to have seen him. I am so ignorant of such matters. And then the yacht! We can sup on board, Ralph says. It will all be over by eleven. Such a lovely moon! It will be amusing—quite a spree! so odd and different! Don't fail. And above all if you see Mrs. Leo say I was engaged to you. You are so clever and have so much tact.

"Yours, May.

"P.S.—If you see the Turkish minister, why not ask him? I rather like him, and Ralph is heavy—*entre nous*."

"Characteristic!" ejaculated Con. She leaned back smiling, adding, "and complimentary to Lawton."

She called him thus by his surname without any prefix as we do a casual celebrity, the president of the United States or an Italian tenor. She had herself never seen him and her curiosity to do so was languid, but she had read the newspapers.

The excursion across the bay and the incursion into the party conclave were only a new mode of passing a moonlit night. As her friend had expressed it, it was 'odd and different.' As such the plan commended itself exceptionally to Mrs. Gresham's favor.

There was only one more letter to be perused except indeed those rejected ones, evidently unpaid bills or undesirable invitations which lay neglected on the little table over by the bedside waiting to intrude themselves at some fitter moment.

Mrs. Gresham turned it over and the color which she deprecated deepened on her cheek.

"Faugh!" she said.

We will not give it here. It was a letter full of senseless reproaches, burning with passionate love and hate; such a letter as it scorches a man's soul to write and should seal the woman's heart at which it is aimed, if indeed a heart which inspires such bitterness has not grown callous to such wounds. It was as foolish and fierce as are the reproofs that tender and faithful people heap on the unfaithful and unloving, and . . . as impotent.

It ended with these words: "Is it possible that that to which you have brought me is for nothing? Speak, speak, Constance! tell me the truth that I may know if you are a woman or a fiend!"

An angry light gleamed for a moment in the young woman's eyes, and she set her lips together and clenched her teeth. She crushed the letter in her hands, which she struck together two or three times with the sheet between them as if mastered for a moment by an overpowering agitation.

The letter did in fact give her a peculiar physical suffering at the heart, as if a hand of ice were arresting its pulsations.

"It is intolerable," she said. "If he had a spark of manliness or of pride he would have seen long ago that I loathed him. My God! what I am made to pay for an hour's coquetry! What was it? What was it? A smile, two or three foolish letters, a moment's discouragement, an acknowledgment that I was not happy. I remember just what I said, and now this senseless passion pursuing me, haunting me, filling me with dread and horror. I hate him! I despise him! but I am afraid to be too unkind. He makes me afraid. I am blameless."

Was she? We have so many sophistries with which to palliate our own weaknesses. She tore the poor cry of a man's folly into fragments and threw them into the empty grate with a lighted match among them.

As she rose a yellow envelope fell to the floor. She had overlooked it. It contained a telegram, and stooping to pick it up—

"Tiens!" she said.

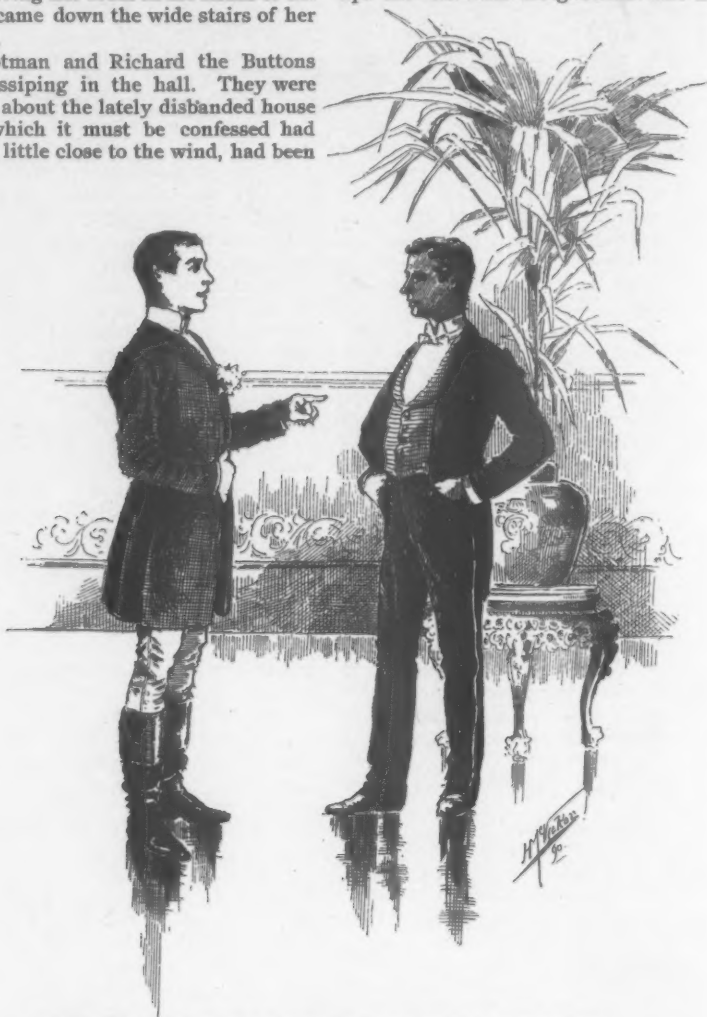
It ran thus: "Have killed lots of big game. Shall stop another ten days. Capital sport. Tell Barnes to express my winter ulster and more shirts. Martin knows where to find them. Telegraph if you are quite well. Jack."

"From the tragic to the conjugal," she thought and she could not help laughing. As I said before she was laughter-loving and the atmosphere which had for a moment been leaden, grew lighter. Like all impressionable highly strung women who are nevertheless healthy and sane, she passed through a hundred moods in an hour and this made her a joy to those who had breadth of vision, and a torment to the narrow. She herself while she fretted and revolted at narrowness, pitied it realizing all that it misses and suffers, for as her friend May had said she was very clever.

After the foulard had been draped upon her and the violets adjusted in her belt she put on a hat of startling dimensions and, leaving her room in the hands of the maids, came down the wide stairs of her domain.

A footman and Richard the Buttons were gossiping in the hall. They were talking about the lately disbanded house party which it must be confessed had sailed a little close to the wind, had been

and behaved in the eyes of Mr. Barnes the butler altogether more like a 'play hactress' than a well-born woman. Her tips too had been insignificant and her



A FOOTMAN AND RICHARD THE BOOTS WERE GOSSIPING IN THE HALL.

merry almost to boisterousness and even more than usually troublesome. One unmarried lady who had been invited solely because of her gift of buffoonery and her talent for comic songs—she herself called them ribald—had sat up late with the gentlemen when others had gone to bed,

wit had failed to amuse the valets. She was being discussed when the mistress appeared. The men disbanded in haste, each bent on proving himself overwhelmed with matutinal duties. Her servants respected Mrs. Gresham however they might sometimes disapprove of her

guests. They even loved her and thought her a very fine lady as inferiors do those who are at once exacting and kind.

Constance walked across the hall whose magnificent proportions and elegant furnishings were the admiration and envy of all her friends and enemies and stepped out on the stone terrace which overhung the sea. Here was a low marble table in the centre where breakfast was often served on propitious mornings, and scattered about were stone, china and cane seats. It was shaded with bright-colored awnings which threw a red glow over the whole, while the east side had been converted into a veritable arbor of exotics. She leaned over the parapet letting the soft pungent breeze blow her hair about. How still and delicious it was at this early hour, for it was early in this idle place where the lazy modish butterflies slept late on their luxurious couches and the stir of gayety hardly began before twelve o'clock.

The house rose, pale, gray and chaste, right from the sea, resting like some great bird upon its rock; of pure Elizabethan style it fronted upon the closely clipped green lawns which swept in unbroken lines to the rose gardens while this side hung over the ocean mute serene and silent with the breakers tossing themselves and moaning at its base on the reefs below.

Some buildings have an essential power of impressing one with repose. This residence which had been closely copied—alas! that our genius goes no further—upon a European model and on which all that wealth and taste could procure had been lavishly expended, had this peculiar quality.

"It rests the eyes," Constance had said to her husband when it had at last emerged entire as if by magic from the moist earth, and it had continued to rest her eyes. She had another home away in the great city but Sea Mew was her delight.

She was as glad as the servants that the people were all gone and that she was free. It was so pleasant to do as one liked. She tired of the restraint of the houseful and was secretly pleased that even Jack would stay away another ten days or so since he was well and amused.

The sight of the water always filled her

imagination when she was thus solitary and had the time for contemplation, and she dismissed the remembrance of the letter which had so annoyed her, and gave herself up to reverie.

CHAPTER III.

The opera house was strained to its utmost capacity to accommodate the swaying multitude which filled it from floor to ceiling. McAffy's crowd—McAffy was Lawton's only dangerous rival—arrived early at the evening session, wearing blue badges on their bosoms and with a brass band in full accompaniment. When that genial Irishman appeared for a moment on the hotel balcony opposite there was a great uproar and 'whooping-up.'

The convention was called to order by Albert Garrett a short deep-chested gentleman with a giant's voice. A prayer was offered by the Reverend Doctor Huffie, pastor of the First Congregational Church of the town. He admonished the Almighty to be on hand as it were on this occasion and to see that matters were properly conducted, to allay all tendency to inflation or pride in the hearts of the rival candidates and to keep them from arrogance and self-seeking and finally to adjust things peacefully. A gruff voice from the gallery shouted twice during this invocation "Louder, old man, louder!"

Lohengrin Potts a young county lawyer who was much flushed and looked somewhat terrified was escorted to the platform and announced as the temporary chairman. People were good-natured and gave Lohengrin a round of cheers. He delivered himself of a speech in which the only intelligible words were the names of the president and vice-president of the United States and those of Lincoln and George Washington; but apropos of what these last two were invoked it would be hard to determine. He assured his audience that he for his part would yield to no dictation and would never allow his party to be swayed at the beck of any individual or corporation. Here he looked about him rather savagely. When he named the two aspirants to the gubernatorial chair of the state the constituents of each one shouted themselves hoarse.

After a short recess the permanent chairman an ex-judge was selected and also a secretary whose name was Love. The committee on rules then stated that a candidate would be chosen before the platform was read. There was some wrangling at this and a vote was cast. The ayes being in the ascendancy business was resumed. A man, a colonel somebody, came out in the pit and told all he knew about Daniel Lawton. He had had two horses shot under him at Resaca and he had won his colonel's epaulettes on the battlefield; but he was so modest that he had always remained plain Dan Lawton to his friends; he was a man of untarnished morality, an honest financier, an experienced statesman, a true American, a Chesterfield in manner, a scholar and a gentleman. The man who was running against him, Marcus M. Curley, he prophesied if elected would prove false to every trust. He was a scoundrel, a liar, grossly immoral, a low person and altogether unfit for a place of responsibility. (It may be said here that Mr. Curley was in fact a very decent fellow.) He insisted that the national honor was at stake and while he had nothing to say against Mr. McAffy, who was he knew an honorable gentleman, he felt nay he knew that Daniel Lawton was the choice of the party at large and the only man sure of victory. "His record is clean; he stands upon it," he cried and he sat down amid vociferous applause.

Then a longwinded and less happy orator got upon his legs and dwelt upon McAffy's eminent virtues and untarnished fame. McAffy hats were thrown wildly into the air and his adherents' lungs seemed to be noisier than Lawton's.

The delegates of the northern counties went solid for Daniel Lawton, except one which presented the name of Alexander Hamilton Busk. Everybody knew this was only done to stave off Lawton's immediate success and the name was silently dropped. One or two more names were advanced. After this the balloting commenced. It was spirited but the McAffys felt almost immediately that their game was up. At the last count the totals were Lawton 385, McAffy 105, Busk 57 and a few others out of sight. Then

it was moved by the unsuccessful to make Lawton's nomination unanimous. This was done amid tremendous enthusiasm. The delegates all stood up afterward and sang *Marching Through Georgia*, while McAffy stepped across the platform and shook hands with such cordiality as he could muster with Mr. Lawton.

The latter had only just entered the convention. He was at once called upon for a speech. He stepped forward and said a few words. His effort did not overlast fifteen minutes. To the occupants of the proscenium boxes—in one of which were Mrs. Gresham and her friends, in the other Fred and Clemence Lawton and a few leaders of their father's party—it seemed a very short speech indeed. Brilliant it certainly was. With heart beating high and a voice somewhat tremulous he uttered his thanks in a pithy manful graceful way pledging himself to do his duty boldly and not to disappoint his friends. He had a special gift at unprepared utterance; he was clear, sonorous even eloquent. His English was flowing terse and forcible with just a suggestion here and there of poetic sentiment and never an instant's lapse into sentimentality or affectation.

Clemence Lawton listened breathlessly to her father. Through all the early part of the evening her political fervor had been interfered with by her entranced observance of the party in the opposite box, her brother having told her that he had seen Mrs. Gresham before when he was visiting his friend Blake on Long Island, that she was a lady of the highest fashion and took five-barred fences with as much ease as she led the dance at the hunt balls afterward.

"I think she is just perfectly lovely," said Clemence.

"She's no end of a swell."

"Were you introduced?"

"Well—no—not exactly." Fred didn't like to admit that Blake himself was not acquainted with Mrs. Gresham and only dared look at her from great and respectful distances.

There were two ladies in the box with her and quite a crowd of gentlemen. The latter were in evening dress. They chattered a great deal among themselves, laughed once or twice rather disturbedly

and did not seem profoundly impressed with the convention.

Mrs. Gresham however was an exception. She had leaned over and listened apparently entirely absorbed in the row of faces before her, in the speeches and in the voting, oblivious of her companions. When Daniel Lawton rose she turned to 'hush' them.

"See," she said, "he is going to speak. I think it very exciting."

The Turkish minister who had been secured screwed an eyeglass into a limpid dark eye and pushed a little toward the front of the box. May Gerold also put up her enamelled lorgnette and craned forward.

"Is that Lawton? Why, Con, the man's a perfect beauty!"

"He looks like some great poet or musician, doesn't he?"

"A superb head!"

The man's eloquence silenced everybody. The sigh of an infant would have seemed loud and profane. When he ceased, the hum of approval in the boxes was drowned by the delirium in the orchestra and family circle.

"Would you like to know him?" The speaker was Tom Fane.

"Why of course. How will you manage it?"

"I will have him here in two minutes," and he left the box. He stopped Mayor Healey who was just descending from the platform, whom he knew very well and told him that Mrs. Jack Gresham and some ladies wished to shake hands with the hero of the night.

The mayor had heard of the Jack Greshams; of course the great capitalist and his wife were not obscure people. In the mean while the Lawton children and the crowd were filing out into the aisles.

When Daniel Lawton was ushered into Mrs. Gresham's presence all the party were standing up in the box hunting for their wraps. His entrance caused a little disturbance. She looked up and Tom Fane presented him. They gazed at each other as strangers do—he indifferently, she with curiosity. She was one of those women however at whom men do not look with impunity twice and Lawton proved no exception.

She said: "We will wait for a moment until the crowd disperses. Will you stay

with us a few minutes or are you expected elsewhere tonight?"

"I am free for the present," he answered, "and will do myself the honor of escorting you to your carriage."

What could have been more banal or commonplace? Yet the next five minutes—it was hardly more—left a vivid impression on them both. She said some low flattering words about his speech; that while she had often heard of his gifts they had been to her the revelation of a great power.

"I never," she said, "took my eyes from your lips for one moment; I was quite enchained."

She thought that he received her praise coldly. She had expected he would at least tell her that he had noticed her face in the box, she had been so near him. He did not however and the delinquency gave her a movement of pique, almost of resentment, so accustomed was she to compliment.

"I dare say he would be an oaf in the drawing room," she said to herself.

The others who had gone out into the lobbies came back to look for her and leaning on Lawton's arm, picking their way down the stairs through the crowd which still blocked the doorway, they reached the sidewalk at last.

An oaf he certainly was not tonight. Hats were lifted and voices raised in felicitation and greeting as he passed, and the elegant woman at his side felt as if her own brow was circled for a moment with the half of his laurels. Her heart beat high under its imprisoning laces and the hand which rested upon his broad-cloth sleeve trembled with agreeable nervous excitement. As they emerged into the moonlit square the band struck up *Hail to the Chief*.

He too was just a little intoxicated and the soft pressure of a woman's arm seemed a fitting accompaniment to his exaltation. He held her slender hand for a moment in his broad one at parting and it gave him a queer sensation such as he had not known for a very long time. He did not feel quite certain whether it was the hand or the music or the moonshine. It was a touch of returning romance that had been dimmed by the years. She leaned out to him from the portière.

"If you ever come across the bay," she said gravely, "we shall feel much honored if you will stop and see us. I am generally at home about five o'clock."

She had never before asked a man to visit her upon such brief acquaintance, and the impulse remained unexplained. Then the carriage had driven off with its burden to the quay near which the yacht was pulling at her anchor.

"Just like Con's luck," said Mrs. Gerold, "to go to her first political shindy and come out leading the only important magnate by the ear. She carried off all the cheers, and people took the rest of us for humble appendages, useless hangers-on of greatness."

"Are you sure it was luck?" said Fane.

"Oh well, a siren's luck if you like."

The Turkish minister who hadn't relished being unimportant now laboriously explained to Mrs. Gerold, sitting up very stiffly in the front of the carriage, holding his hat between his knees, that Mr. Lawton while undoubtedly a very distinguished person might not be elected after all. He had insisted that Tom Fane should state matters clearly to him all the way across in the boat and was glad now to show the ladies that he was entirely au fait.

"Oh he'll be elected," she replied stifling a yawn, "but you may be sure if he is or is not I give him less than thirty-eight hours to be on Mrs. Gresham's back terrace sipping weak decoctions of tea and wagging his tail when she deigns to throw him a bit of stale cake. Eh Connie?"

But Constance remained silent. As she climbed up the side of the yacht which looked a phantom thing swinging under the stars and stepped upon its deck she felt like one embarking upon some pleasant voyage of discovery whose outset is full of allurements.

It had not occurred to Daniel Lawton to be surprised at his wife's absence. Her lack of any earnest participation in his political life had ceased to be if indeed it ever had been a source of regret to him. She had at least never put any palpable spokes in his wheel of good fortune and he knew he owed much to her of that tranquillity of brain so important to those whose existence is spent

in the rush and smoke of conflict. He was one of those men who are fond of mixing with his kind for discussion, debate or argument and of such society as fell to his lot; but he was in no sense what one may call gregarious. Among men he had few close friendships and craved fewer and among women he had none. He had never known a rich intimacy with a woman who was his equal. He would hardly have acknowledged to himself that his wife was not a companion to him, that his children were not necessities, or that when in the house his happiest and fullest hours were spent in his study. He had early in life contracted the habit of a certain solitariness at home and his wife had respected his seclusion. Busy with pressing practical details from morning until eve he wrested hard-earned night and evening hours from fireside chat or needed sleep, for study. He could do with very little sleep for he had an iron constitution and great virility of mind and body. To give an example of the man's energy and courage: Unable to find a translation of an important German work on political economy which he wished to read, and irritated at his own disability, he set himself at work in the evenings to learn a very difficult language at a time when press of private business joined to official duties wellnigh overwhelmed him. In three months he had gone through the book with a dictionary. In six he could read German with ease. His wife looked on. She rarely talked to him on literary matters being herself no reader and having a most modest opinion of her own powers as a critic. Of politics she had the vague jealousy which women who have no doubt of their husbands' or lovers' fidelity feel for his favorite pursuit or pastime. This lack of alacrity on her part might have vexed a more exacting husband but left him indifferent.

She did not notice this indifference or she would have called it by another name. His cares and ambitions gave him no time for splitting straws, not even with his wife. All he asked of home was leisure and calm and she accepted the situation seeking no explanation of the lack of all depth in their intercourse. She was not analytical and then—he was so indulgent!

Their acquaintances thought her very

inferior to her husband. Household questions, economies or expenditures, the children, their health, their education, their future, formed the basis of her communings with him. He had ceased to expect more of marriage or indeed of women. He had a maiden sister who loved polemics, had advanced ideas and wore spectacles. She was a shrewd discursive person of ready wit whose conversation he enjoyed and with whom once a year he had a little sharpshooting on questions political, literary or religious; but he considered her a man in petticoats. The relations between men and women were he thought simple enough. By his intellect he understood most things; but the secrets of the passions baffle the keenest insight. He had mused it is true, sometimes over the vagaries of the sexual passion, its inconsequences and its follies, as he heard them whispered about him or read of them in his morning paper. He had shuddered and felt glad that such irregularities and tragedies had never touched him or his, not in the least from any pharisaical spirit of superciliousness or because he fancied for a moment that they could not, but because he was naturally clean and wholesome. Such things filled him with unrest and uneasiness. Who knows? Perhaps he suspected the existence somewhere in the deeper recesses of his own being, of an animalism which must always exist in rounded temperaments and that, given other circumstances, might have been a foe to his peace.

Now he stopped to send his wife a telegram. He wrote it standing in the hotel corridor: "Nominated on the second ballot. Let no one sit up. I shall be kept in town very late. D. L."

On his way to join some friends who expected him to eat oysters and drink champagne with them his thought was curiously enough less of his evening's triumph than of the sorry figure he had cut in Mrs. Gresham's box or at least so it had seemed to him. He had felt extraordinarily diffident and had received her sweet flatteries without warmth or even common courtesy.

"I declare," he thought, "we go out so little—it is ridiculous—I forget how to behave. That lovely lady must have thought me half a savage."

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later Lawton was called upon to attend an evening meeting of his constituents at the city across the water. He took a midday boat, concluded it would be convenient to pass the night and registering at the principal hotel the Goshen House where he was well known and treated with marked consideration, he left his bag in his room and sauntered out for a stroll. His path lay between the trimmed green lawns of splendid private places and the ocean. Here the public were allowed to flit past, skirting the cliffs which hugged the shores if they would respect the laws of proprietorship, and not pause too long or injure shrubs and flower beds; and on the whole they were grateful for their privileges and discreet in their behavior.

It was a sultry afternoon of the late summer and the twilight was drawing nigh. A warm glow rested upon the laughing sea which was tonight neither angry nor turbulent but wooing as a capricious woman can be in her softer humor.

The love of nature as indeed of all beauty was strong in Lawton. It was untutored and hence all the more satisfying. After walking for a half hour enjoying every breath of the golden air, he came suddenly to a curve in the path and to a standstill before a wonderful picture, Sea Mew rising up out of its rock right in front of him like an enchanted palace.

"Is this Mr. Gresham's place?" he stopped and inquired of a woman a maid who was sitting alone in a summer house which jutted just here out over the rocky beach.

"That is Monsieur Graysham's house," replied Léontine with her pretty accent.

"Thank you." He took off his hat to her as he moved on.

"Qu est ce que ça peut être que ce monsieur," she thought.

He looked different from the habitués. She felt some doubts concerning him, and commented when she saw him hesitate a moment and then walk up following the path through the rose gardens that he was some 'écrivain or savant,' such as madame received occasionally.

"Il a une belle tête tout de même," she

said to herself as he disappeared in the shrubbery, "and he is very polite."

Partly through idleness and partly through curiosity to see a place whose glories were on every tongue and more especially, shall it be said, to efface an impression of his own awkwardness which had lingered disagreeably in his memory

He was told that Mrs. Gresham was at home however and he was conveyed across interminable vestibules and through several large drawing rooms whose heavy portières were pushed back to let him pass by the two footmen who piloted him until at last he reached the terrace.

"Mr. Lawton," announced Barnes.



"COME, 'BABY,' STOP CRYING. I WILL GIVE YOU HALF OF MINE."—(See page 579.)

since his meeting with Mrs. Gresham he impulsively determined to call upon her.

"She invited me," he thought. When he rang the bell however he was half surprised at his own temerity and found himself hoping that she would not be at home. She had seemed to him very fastidious and unapproachable and he felt a secret fear of her. The women he knew had never been in any way alarming to him.

The picture which here met his eyes was also very charming. What he saw was three or four women clad in light summer garments with slim tightly laced figures, carrying marvellous hats and parasols on and over their heads, sitting or reclining in various attitudes of ease that ran through a pretty gamut of color, while a half dozen men lounged about them, one dangling his feet from the marble centre table. These also wore more

or less picturesque attire. Some were still in morning coats; one in top boots and breeches just from the ride; one in yachting cap and flannels; two in frock coats with gardenias in their button-holes and canes and stiff hats held between their knees.

He heard a woman's voice say: "The thirty-eight hours are not yet up; am I a prophet or no?"

Then a man's voice replied, "Fair Lady Con's new fad."

Then somebody said, "Hush!" and there was a sound of suppressed laughter and then he stepped down among them and his hostess came quickly forward to receive him.

"How exquisite she was and so different from the others," he thought as he watched her lithe grace, her energetic harmonious movements and listened to her caressing voice of welcome. He thought she made the others look empty, trivial and awkward. He hardly formulated this impression but was only conscious in looking at her of that sense of contentment which a man of discernment and imagination feels in what is complete and finished. She seemed to him the essence of that culture the world imparts. He was glad to see there were such women in America. She might have been an empress. Royal princes with whom she had danced at foreign courts had told her this before.

She shook hands with him and there was in the firm rapid touch something of force and of character. She seemed to leave the impress of herself upon his palm. She named him only to one or two of the women who were near her and to none of the men present. This seemed to him unusual, belonging himself to a world where introductions and handshakings were held of paramount importance. Yet on the whole he thought it a relief. He also noticed that after a few light words about the lovely evening no particular effort was made for his entertainment. One young woman did indeed ask him, looking up at the awnings, what boat had brought him over, and if there were one every two hours as she wished to visit some friends near his town but she did not wait for his answer and cut it short by asking him if he didn't think this terrace 'a dear.'

The servants here brought in tea and bread and butter and while Mrs. Gresham busied herself among the cups he had plenty of time for observation, and being a careful student of humanity in its varied aspects he was a good deal amused. These people all looked to him about the same age—he would have said varying anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five—and very much alike. They were evidently extremely intimate among themselves having numberless jokes which he did not understand. Their intercourse indeed seemed to consist in peals of pointless merriment and an exchange of monosyllables which were to him generally unintelligible. There existed here evidently a freemasonry whose grip he had never been taught. It made him feel however somehow as if they were very clever and wide-awake and he very old and dull. They called each other by their Christian or nicknames or by appellations even more informal. One six-footer with a drooping blond moustache and eyeglass was addressed by the women as 'Baby.' The 'Baby' could not find a seat to his taste and complained of this, affecting a child's whimper.

"Come 'Baby' stop crying," said a girl in a sailor hat. "I will give you half of mine."

"Why, you have it all filled with your own sails."

"I will take in a reef. Come I will show you! Let me take your arm, so. If we go down together we will just fit in."

They did in fact 'go down' together and fitted into the deep cane-bottomed seat which was made to do duty for both. The young lady was pretending to smoke a cigarette and the man took it from between her lips and placed it in his own. Lawton wondered if the next move would be a masculine arm cast about the round waist which fashion had tortured into a compass of nineteen inches. He also wondered in parentheses how the larger functions of life could go on within such a narrow limit.

There was no especial appearance of ill-health however about the young woman for she was dazzlingly fair and blooming. Her high aquiline features were encircled by a quantity of copper-colored hair. Her thin arms tightly encased in the cloth of her yachting costume were held

somewhat away from her sides so that one could appreciate a slenderness which leaned to angularity. She talked in a key which was apparently borrowed, not her own, with an affected intonation and bore herself with an arrogance which seemed to assert, "I am a beauty, look!"

She was called one. Leaning back in her chair she exhibited a good deal of silk stocking and one was more absorbed in surmises as to how her hose could so exactly match her hair, her gown, her gloves and her parasol, and in paying tribute to her artistic skill in this matter, than to any study of the shapely leg beneath them. It was soon borne in upon Mr. Lawton that he need have felt no anxiety as to the young lady's danger from her neighbor's ill-repressed ardor. They continued to sit next to each other for some minutes, to exchange cabalistic phrases and enigmatic smiles and yet Lawton saw that nothing in the world could have been less suggestive of impropriety. He in his high shirt collar and she in her brilliant hardness resembled sexless automatic puppets. One felt they might have sat there until doomsday and no one have been the better or worse off in this generation or the next.

By and by Mrs. Gresham called out: "You know you are absolutely ridiculous, you two! Geraldine come and help me pour out the tea!"

Thus admonished Geraldine moved to the table and he of the yellow eyelash stretched himself out complacently as if he greatly preferred having the chair to himself.

Mrs. Gresham now gave Lawton his cup and addressed him particularly as if she fancied he was rather too much left out in the cold. She spoke of the convention and her keen interest in the coming canvass.

"I am already hard at work for you," she said, "and have a promise of a dozen votes from those tiresome discouraging independents."

He sipped his tea with the breath of her close to him, her garments almost sweeping his feet and he found himself wishing these superfluous other people would cease their idle prattle and go away and leave them alone.

By and by she seemed to divine his thoughts. "Come now my dears," she

said, "you must all of you clear away and be gone. There is a pernicious damp coming and you feminines have to crimp your hair and get your complexions in order for the ball tonight; and as for you my lazy gentlemen it is high time you got yourselves out of your morning coats. I too must soon be arraying myself in my dinner gown."

There was a cry of protest and a momentary strife of tongues, but they did all admit at last that it was later than they had thought. One of the men whom they called Fane and who wore a frock coat insisted that he was faultlessly dressed, that he was perfectly comfortable and that he intended remaining where he was until his bones bleached upon the terrace; but the women protested and dragged him away and gradually in parties of twos and threes they dispersed.

Lawton arose and apologized for so long an intrusion.

"I only wanted to be rid of them," she said when they were alone. "I have hours before dinner. By the way can't you dine here? I expect only a few guests."

"Thanks. I must dine at half past six as my meeting is before eight."

"Ah! and I dine at eight. Well, it will be another time. In the mean while don't leave me yet!"

She said the last words as a spoiled child would implore a favor, letting his eyes meet and rest upon her own.

"I want to show you another view—come!" So saying she led her too willing captive down the terrace steps onto a ledge of the weedy rocks. They stood side by side almost shoulder to shoulder, speechless, looking out at the placid waters. The draperies of her long teagown fluttered against him with a soft swish.

"What a divine night! And you see this expanse at every hour? How I envy you!"

"Ah! that is the misfortune of all acquisitions," she said smiling. "Envy!" Others tried to purchase this point but Mr. Gresham was too quick for them. They feel toward us a good deal as McAffy does toward you."

"And don't people envy you other things besides the place?"

She recognized the ring of flattery in

his tone but woman-like was determined to make him more explicit.

"What for instance?"

"Your loveliness, your grace and above all your individuality," he said enthusiastically.

She blushed with pleasure. "He is really very nice," she thought.

He hardly knew himself. Someone else seemed speaking in him.

"My—individuality?" she said.

"Yes, just that. It impressed me the very first moment. It must be a constant stumbling block of offence to others. It is never pardoned," he said smiling.

"You speak from your own experience?"

"Well possibly a little."

"Why of course if one gains anything, any prestige even, it is only by displacing someone else. If one rises in the least, one must do so at the expense of another. What one grasps another fails to attain. Where one succeeds another goes to the wall. It is the law of competition which is so cruel after all. The little people not tall enough to seize the fruit which hangs from the highest bough are never pleased; they never can be fair to the long-legged creatures who reach and grasp."

"Individuality," he continued dreamily, "is the torture of the inquisition to mediocre minds. They hate it."

"And yet how character imposes. Doctrines and ideas are less seductive than they used to be. There is no faith now, but one involuntarily admires any force even when it is applied to evil. It seems to promise guidance. We are weak; we want to obey, to follow. I read somewhere the other day 'Man is the born serf of any strong will which passes near him.'"

"Do you think of such serious things?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. It is unusual. Women like you have rarely the time," he said simply.

He was looking down at her from his great height with an expression that was at once puzzled and deeply interested. She was a new experience to him and fascinating. Her spirits rose with its insatiate love of power, for she knew this expression in the eyes of men.

"I have nothing to do, nothing that

you would consider of the slightest consequence. I think about—everything."

She moved a few steps away from him on the rocks; he followed her quickly and seized her elbow almost roughly.

"Look! look!" he said.

To his amazement she shook his hand off haughtily.

"Oh!" she thought, "if he is going to be familiar," but in a moment she recognized that he had touched her arm in ignorance, not in impertinence.

"I wanted you to see that ship in the sun's last rays but it is too late now, it has slipped into the gray. I beg your pardon. Did I offend you?"

He could not imagine why, but it was evident she was annoyed.

"Oh it was nothing. I saw perfectly." Then feeling that it would be a kindness to give him a lesson at once:

"I dislike," she said, "to be touched."

He remembered the scene in the arm chair on the terrace which Mrs. Gresham had looked at so complacently and confessed to himself that he had not then thought her a prude. He however only repeated "I beg your pardon," twirling his hat in his hands much disconcerted.

The dejected mien of the great man and his attitude as of a reproved schoolboy filled Mrs. Gresham's heart with a sudden sense of pleasure and of compunction; she tried to bring healing balm to his wound.

"Oh the ships, they pass like that all day. They are very pretty," she said lightly.

"I have intruded too long upon you," he answered stiffly. "I was passing and thought I would stop for a moment. I came over only for this committee tonight. I leave tomorrow."

"I did not imagine that you swam the Hellespont for my beaux yeux," she said smiling, but her smile was forced. His candor, which in some moods would have been a refreshment to her, seemed now out of place and somewhat jarring. To this he replied not at all.

It was unfortunate, for his silence went into the balance against him of that strict account which women keep for and against the men who occupy them. A hopelessly discordant note had been sounded between them and they parted mutually dissatisfied. He had seemed

less to her than on the first evening, naturally enough, for he was less in tune with his surroundings, and she remained to him an enigma he could not solve.

"He has not the usages," she said to herself as she tripped up the stairs to her bedroom; and oh how she wished a voice might be raised to combat this assertion.



MRS. GEROLD TRIPPED OFF.—(See page 587.)

She was dying to talk him over, discuss him.

She was soon to be gratified for someone else was dying with curiosity to know what and who he might be.

"Did the monsieur who was walking on the cliffs find madame?" asked Léontine.

"What monsieur?" Mrs. Gresham

knew perfectly well to whom her maid referred.

"I did not know him, madame. He was very large and very polite," she added after a moment's reflection.

"Polite?"

"Yes, he spoke so amiably and took off his hat to me. Is it not strange, madame, how much there is in a manner?"

"And did you think him handsome too?" asked her mistress while the Frenchwoman unloosed her hair.

"Oh very, madame! Quite the type d'homme célèbre. Not exactly like what one expects every day."

"Well he is celebrated."

Léontine pricked up her ears. "Un écrivain?" This vague epithet covered for her a recognition of all greatness which titles and wealth did not bestow.

"No, un homme politique."

"Ah!" Then after a pause, "It will amuse madame to receive him! It will be a change."

Then in a moment of weakness Mrs. Gresham said to her maid rather low and tentatively, "Yes, but these men have not our ideas."

"I should think," said the shrewd domestic, "that that would make them more interesting. They must be tous de même, very intelligent. I am sure that this gentleman has beaucoup de talent."

When Mrs. Gresham was ready for her guests her spirits, which had been dampened, had risen again.

CHAPTER V.

He came again three days later. He mumbled something about another meeting at the village two miles away, which he was expected to address in the late afternoon. But he did not enlarge upon the urgency of this claim, and Mrs. Gresham asked no questions.

It was in the morning this time and the cliffs were flooded with the summer sunshine. He found the lady he sought standing on the lawn, apparently costumed for a walk. She was all in white with a little close toque set over her dusky brown hair and a wide white lace umbrella shadowing her face. There was a sweet seriousness upon her lips. He

thought he had never seen her looking so handsome. Hers was an elusive sort of beauty; it did not invite analysis and there were people who had questioned its details. Those on whom she deigned to cast her glamour however had no doubt. She was at any rate one of those women who never pass unnoticed in the world and have a fatal power of relegating their sisters to the background. If it be but a trick after all it is one which awakens in inimical hearts tumults of impotent rivalry; in the friendly, emulation and an effort at imitation. It is probably to its possessor a misfortune.

She hesitated a moment when he accosted her, as if to turn back with him to the house and then said:

"How would you like to walk with me? I am thirsting for exercise and air."

"I should enjoy it above all things."

They descended the path and were soon skirting the sea.

"How lucky I am. Five minutes later and I should have missed you."

"I try to take my constitutional early or a ride when I have time. The latter however is more complicated. It necessitates a change of clothes and the tub afterward and really today I could not lose all of my morning."

"You must have known how much I wanted to see you again."

"I knew no such thing and am inclined to think you politicians are adept silver-tongued deceitful diplomats too."

He laughed. "I have generally been accused of being too honest." After a moment he asked her if she was still alone. He longed to make her talk of herself, of her life.

"Yes," she said; "my lord is hunting in the Aroostook country far away up in the north and I am rid of all guests until the end of the month."

"Do guests weary you?"

"Oh I don't trouble much about them. Now and then there are unpleasant complications. The last time two women arrived twenty-four hours before the rest of the party and I found they had quarrelled and were not on speaking terms."

"I don't doubt you were equal to the occasion. You strike me as a person who would be mistress of almost any situation."

"I would courtesy to you if I was not

afraid of tumbling over the cliffs. Thanks! Why the next day I just had a headache and stayed in bed and sent them word I was not coming down, and that they must amuse themselves together. When I met them at eight o'clock they had made up and were chattering like seventy magpies."

"I wish political antagonisms could be as easily adjusted," he said laughing. "I shall get you to teach me your Machiavellian methods."

"Oh! you do not require any lessons."

He remembered the scene on the rocks of the other evening and looked a little mischievously at her through the laces of her parasol.

"You give pretty severe and efficacious ones sometimes when you think people are too bold."

She felt herself blushing under his gaze and to disguise her embarrassment suggested they should descend nearer to the water. It was possible to do so here; there were natural steps in the rocks.

He followed her with alacrity, as she skipped from ledge to ledge. She was secretly amused to find that while he kept very close to her as if to assure her safety he proffered her no assistance, not even the offer of conventional finger tips. The lesson had sunk deep. It was absurd.

By and by panting a little she let herself rest on a stone which formed a seat in the upheaved bowlders, pulling her garments down with one hand over her long narrow daintily shod feet. He sank to her side but not too near. A ledge of the rocks overhung them making as it were a back and a shelter over their heads.

"What a poem this is!"

"Yes I often come here alone."

"Are you really fond of solitude then?" he asked incredulously.

"Perhaps not, perhaps it is all pose," she said with a little fine point of irony in her voice.

"But you fine ladies owe yourselves to others!"

"For Heaven's sake don't call me that!"

"What shall I call you then—a goddess?"

"Yes—much better."

They talked together for a half hour sitting under the hot noon sunshine. What do people say to each other on

such occasions—such people as were here? They were both clever, full of vitality, of blood, of life. It is probable their conversation was not commonplace. It must be confessed that its burden fell principally upon Mrs. Gresham. Mutually drawn to study each other knowing nothing one of the other, they craved to unravel the mystery, to gain that knowledge which might prove pain.

They were an incongruous pair enough: She in her exquisite gown with that distinctive air of ease and repose the world gives to its votaries. He in his careless ill-fitting clothes, intimidated, fearful of displeasing her—with his earnest honest beautiful face. He found no such eloquence in the presence of her tranquillity as surged so readily within him in the heated forum where eager faces and coarse hands were held up to welcome and applaud him.

Perhaps to the sated woman of fashion this silence was all the sweeter. She may have fathomed its secret homage. It was—'different.' Certain it is that she lingered. When she did at last ask him the hour she was startled to find it so late.

"I too am a laggard today," he said, "and have wasted too much of your time and intruded myself I fear at the wrong moment."

"Is it being a laggard to lie on a rock at a lady's feet? I thought it was quite the reverse."

"Well it is not the kind of laggard we dread in a political campaign surely," he answered smiling; "those whose eyes have to be rubbed open for them, who have to be carted to the polls and told who to vote for. I know well enough what I want myself and go for it with a directness which may be selfish."

"It is all the fault of this lazy languid morning," she cried, "and not yours that Mrs. Gerold has been kept waiting a half hour. We were to go Casinoward together. This sounds frivolous to you no doubt with all your important cares and occupations. Shall I be making you frivolous too?"

She asked the question with an instinct of what seemed to him the divinest coquetry.

"You have already if it be frivolous to be terribly happy!"

They both remained dumb. The ut-

tered words loomed up portentous a landmark in the roadway of their fate. She was conscious of a swift emotion which flashed like lightning through her being leaving behind it the glow of some strange delight.

Gratified vanity is probably the most perfect form of human enjoyment; I will not say the highest. Through the affections there is suffering; and whatever joy the love of the Deity may bestow, its human prototype is always burdened with fear. A high authority tells us that 'fear hath torment.'

After this they exchanged but a few insignificant phrases until they reached the gate and she gave him her hand.

"Good-by! good-by."

"The next time," she called out after him from among her roses, greeting at the same time the dogs that came rushing to meet her, "Ah Jock! Down Saxe!—the next time you must dine."

He waved an assent to her and was out of sight.

Still under the influence of a pleasurable sensation which made her step unusually buoyant Constance came in from the heat into the cool dim drawing room.

"O May! I am so sorry!"

"Well my dear I wondered just how long it would last and now—I know!"

"How long what would last?"

"Why your tête-à-tête under the cliff with your—governor philandering."

"Where were you pray?"

"Spying over at you for quite a while. It gave me a stiff neck. Oh don't be alarmed my dear! I didn't borrow the Gaskell's telescope. What the naked eye divulged was quite sufficient."

"What a goosey you are!"

"The saddest part of it is—ugh! how my hairpins do stick into my cranium!" And Mrs. Gerold walked to the mirror and began unloosening her veil. "The worst of it is that the poor thing takes you seriously."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Constance Gresham, don't gerryman-der that way with me! I am in deadly earnest and I think it simply brutal!"

As she spoke she drew out rapidly one or two long pins that fastened in her hat.

"Dio mio, what a relief!" she said readjusting her violette and smoothing

it down over her rather long fallow cheeks.

"Brutal?"

"Yes! What do you do with them Con? How far do you go? Where do you leave them? I have often asked myself; wondered how good and how bad you were! What shall you do with him? He is tragic."

Mrs. Gresham had not decided what she would do with him or even considered the question before, but being a woman of quick resources replied laughing, "Why, make him the fashion!"

"Don't you know that you would be running him politically, and that there is a fierce light on him just now, and that you may scorch your own pretty little fingers?"

"I accept the kindly warning which is of course the direst nonsense, Madam May. I have seen him exactly three times."

"Twice too often for his comfort, poor wretch!"

"What did you think of him the other afternoon? How did he impress you?"

Constance's curiosity pushed her to this imprudent questioning. She thought her friend shrewd and wanted to gauge her opinion.

"To tell you the truth I was so engaged in wondering how we impressed him I had hardly time for a detailed study."

"Ah! did we shock his majesty?"

"Well Constance you must admit we're pretty bad!"

"You mean Geraldine? I did myself feel provoked with her."

"Oh, Geraldine! Yes and those men—so rude. I could see he was watching us and thought us a pack of silly senseless snobs."

"Was I uncivil?"

"You? No. I admired you immensely. You managed it all so nicely. You are always a lady, Constance. You could not be vulgar. Why if you did a vulgar thing it would straightway look becoming."

"Much obliged. The compliment is equivocal, but I take anything that is offered."

"You know perfectly what I mean. Those fellows that hang around you are not worthy to touch your shoestrings."

"They are harmless."

"That is just it and just where you differ from the rest of us."

"So I am not—harmless?"

"Not exactly. Why Constance what could Geraldine breathe into a man do you suppose? Any deed of prowess? Any inspiration of ambition? Eh? Any fortitude, or even a crime or two? We women forgive men who are wary in gallantry; but you know, Connie, we want them reckless in love, don't we? See how eloquent I grow! Geraldine! What a terror she is to be sure. They play with her because she is chic. Oh I will not deny that! But what a doll! Very hard but not even hard enough to be picturesquely cruel and unscrupulous like the wicked woman in the plays. Just nothing! You! . . . Well," continued Mrs. Gerold impulsively, "if a man wants you Constance and cannot have you I can imagine it would be a—hell!"

"My dear after this you must need some refreshment. Shall I ring for a lemonade?"

"Oh laugh at me if you will! I knew that man thought us idiots; I see things."

"That is evident but you won't tell me what you thought of him."

"I thought him shockingly dressed and very interesting."

"This at last is direct."

"I confess Connie I can imagine the beginning might be original. The second or silent stage my dear is always the same. No matter what or who the man may be he loses all conversational power and becomes a hopeless bore. As for the third stage, the cross grumpy condition, when they want Heaven only knows what, it is simply unendurable."

"Mr. Lawton and I are not entering into any 'stages.' Do not be frightened."

"Pshaw! Do you expect me to swallow that? Why make him unhappy, Constance?" she continued. "What is the use of making people unhappy? I know it is generally the result of being unhappy one's self. He seems—a good man."

Mrs. Gerold paused and then continued with a sort of muffled hopelessness in her usually sharp-keyed voice, and Constance did not interrupt her.

"Oh, I am not going to probe into your life my dear. I know your reserve; I think

it very delicate. I never believed you a happy woman with a mind or heart at peace, but I have respected you because you gave no sign. Look at me! I went marivauding about publishing my marital infelicities—while they lasted—telling my woes to all who would listen—and people listen—it amuses them—it was a sorry spectacle; and when I asked poor Wilbur's pardon he was already past words of mine, beyond reach."

"You were sorely tried May," said Constance gently, "and very young."

"Bah! I might at least have tried to cover up his faults. I was not too young for that. I need not have been alarmed; they were perceptible without lenses," she continued with a sort of grim humor; "but I need not have lent mine to the community. Why! we do as much for our servants—say a good word for them! It would have been more decent. Don't you suppose I worried him? Ask my sweet mother-in-law!"

"Everyone said she was much to blame, that she made difficulties for you."

"Oh I dare say. I tried her severely enough and she was not one of the indulgent kind. I was not an angel. Connie do you know I ask Wilbur every night to forgive me before I go to sleep, out loud in the dark? You didn't believe that of me, did you? Do you suppose he hears?" and she laughed.

But her eyes met Mrs. Gresham's and the two women contemplated each other across the waves of that icy sea of conventionality which keeps souls barred, locked from each other and apart forever. They gazed immovable as if mutually hypnotized. The harsh laugh expired upon Mrs. Gerold's lips; then even the ghost of a wan smile died.

Gradually a curious change came over her face, a tremor, a cloud. The mouth was convulsed and the glittering dark eyes filled. She did not cry out or weep but her pale face was distorted in an anguish which shook Constance with poignant pity.

She ran across the floor and threw her arms about her friend's neck.

"We are all weak and erring," she whispered under her breath and then burst into tears.

They remained thus for a while clasped in each other's arms. Constance offered

no further word of consolation; she knew it would be ill-timed. Warm rough natures inflict such upon us in their kindly unwisdom, but Mrs. Gresham's taste was unerring in these things even had her feelings not been deeply stirred.

Mrs. Gerold was the first to speak. She had shed no tears and began to wipe away Constance's with her fine handkerchief.

"Forgive me dear! Come, let us go into the other room. Let me cheer you up a bit. Have you seen the papers today? They are full of horrors as usual."

Constance swabbed her eyes and face and shook her head wofully.

"Do you remember that little red-headed thing who came here last summer—that Mrs. Christopher Sill whom everyone felt called upon to snub and ill-use? No? Well she has been 'imprudent' as the reporters delicately express it and in a fit of repentance confessed everything to her husband."

"Well?" Constance tried to be interested still dabbing at her eyes.

"Well, he—shot the other gentleman—the lover—and now the husband is in prison. It is quite grewsome."

"Which proves what I have always said," and Constance looked up through her tears, "that fools ought never to misbehave."

"I think it is generally the clever people who do the silly things."

"Yes that is true enough but their wit is a wedge with which they can at least disentangle and extricate themselves."

"Ah! sometimes Mesdames Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos step in and huddle them along and cut the thread before they have time. There is another most edifying account in the papers today of a man in Paris chloroforming an American girl and bearing her off as a prey to his lair."

"Mercy, what for? What did he do with her?"

"Do not insist—the curtain falls. The irate parents rescue her in the second act and she is brought over to Cincinnati where she now resides."

"Fancy!"

"Yes. Now they will hunt up some respectable little drygoods clerk to marry her and oh when she is settled and bliss-

ful how she will pine for and regret her chloroform man."

"May," said Constance laughing half hysterically, "you are incorrigible."

"Ma chère, it is written: She will think as she trundles and trots the poor clerk's babies and darns his shirt-fronts and pins his paper collars on from behind that she was once madly loved, a heroine. She will dream dreams, and what dreams! She will be lenient to the memory of the bold base foreigner and think her excellent husband does not 'understand her.' His methods will be too simple. Voila les femmes! Adieu, dear Con! Take care of yourself." And Mrs. Gerold tripped off giving a backward push to her narrow skirts.

Constance stood at the window watching her. "And to think that in her heart is a passionate remorse!"

At a dinner party that night she was taken in by the host. She usually had the seat of honor and on her left was a man who was uncongenial to her. She found her host equally so however and the party generally ill-assorted, and in her weariness she turned to this neighbor. He was a man prominent in finance, in society and of some political influence. She began to lay traps for him to mention a certain name. Few of her world knew Lawton personally but this man she felt sure must have met him. At last he did speak of him.

"I saw Dan Lawton yesterday," he said. "He and his heelers are on the stump. An unscrupulous lot they are."

This was certainly not encouraging. Having delivered himself thus far he relapsed into contemptuous silence. His manner even more than his words was a covert attack.

Mrs. Gresham drew away from him. She did not know he had secretly coveted the nomination Daniel Lawton had secured and had plotted and wheedled for

it and had failed. She turned the subject quickly, remembering Emerson's warning that it is our own idle curiosity which gives others the power to wound us. She instinctively felt that this man knew nothing of Daniel Lawton, yet was his enemy. She could have struck him gladly across his unpleasant pursed-up lips, yet etiquette forced her to civility and smiles for the next hour. She left early with a heart of lead, her nerves unstrung and out of tune. As she drove home she thought how unjustly we weigh and judge each other. How mean and petty are the jealousies of the world and what tragedy lies underneath!

She remembered that her set had praised her warmly for her devotion to her mother in the latter's last illness. The barbarians of Uganda, the Dinka, Bari and Dango tribes, throw their dying parents into the desert and expose to the cruel blasts of Heaven the breasts from which they have sucked in life.

Had they expected her because she was the child of luxury and of pleasure to do no better than these savages? The commendation had wounded and angered her and she had even resented it once with scourging sarcasm, for her honeyed tongue could also scathe. Afterward she had been loudly blamed for not wearing her mourning long enough and had thus struck the balance.

Now leaning back among the cushions of her open carriage, looking up at the calm cold stars, wishing that her unquiet spirit might drink in of their peace she thought of these things and of others, of her own wasted energies, of the man whose letter she had read so lately throwing away his youth because she had been vain and idle. She looked at herself less leniently tonight.

"May is right," she thought. "I can at least let him alone."

(Concluded next month).



M. JULES LEMAITRE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN the evolution of literature three kinds of critics have been developed. First in point of time came the critic who spoke as one having authority, who appealed to absolute standards of taste, who had no doubt as to the force of his criterions, who judged according to the strict letter of the law, and who stood ready and willing to advise a poet to put his Pegasus out to grass and to order a writer of prose to send his stalking horse to the knacker. This critic believed in definite legislation for literature, and sometimes—when his name was Aristotle or Horace, Boileau or Pope—he codified the scattered laws that they all might obey them understandingly. Macaulay was the last English critic of this class and even now many of his minor imitators hand down their hebdomadal judgments in the broad columns of British weeklies. In France there is to-day a man of force, acuteness and individuality, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who accepts this outworn creed of criticism and who acts up to it conscientiously in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The papal infallibility of the *Essay on Criticism* began to be doubted toward the end of the last century. Lessing for one had impulses of revolt against the rigidity of the rules by which literature was limited; but the German protest of the Schlegels for instance was rather against the restrictions of French criticism than against a narrow method of appreciating poetry. Like the Irish clergyman who declared himself willing 'to renounce the errors of the church of Rome and to adopt those of the church of England,' most of the writers who refused to be judged by the precepts of classicism were ready to apply with equal rigor the rules of romanticism. But in time, out of the welter and struggle of faction came a perception of a new truth—that it is the task of the critic not to judge but to examine, to inquire, to investigate, to see the object as it really is and to consider it with disinterested curiosity. This Sainte-Beuve attempted though even he did not always attain to the lofty ideal he proclaimed; and to the same chilly height Matthew Arnold tried to reach,

saying that he wished to decide nothing as of his "own authority; the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way and to let humanity decide."

The phrase which Dr. Waldstein quoted from Spinoza not long ago as characteristic of the scientific mind—*Neque flere, neque ridere, neque admirare, neque con-*



JULES LEMAITRE.

temnere, sed intelligere (Neither to weep nor to laugh, neither to admire nor to despise, but to understand)—this may serve to indicate the aim of scientific criticism also which judges not, which expresses no opinions, which does not take sides, which merely sets down, with the arid precision of an affidavit, the facts as these are revealed by a qualitative analysis. Unfortunately criticism as impersonal as this is impossible; no man can make a

mere machine of himself to register in vacuo. "If there were any recognized standard in criticism as in apothecaries' measure so that, by adding a grain of praise to this scale or taking away a scruple of blame from that, we could make the balance manifestly even in the eyes of all men, it might be worth while to weigh Hannibal," Mr. Lowell tells us; "but when each of us stamps his own weights and warrants the impartiality of his own scales, perhaps the experiment may be wisely foregone."

The natural reaction from an impossibly callous scientific criticism which sought to suppress the personality of the critic was a criticism which was frankly individual. This is the third kind of criticism; it abdicates all inherited authority and it does not pretend to scientific exactitude. It recognizes that no standard is final and that there is no disputing about tastes. It is aware that in the higher criticism as in the higher education, there has been an abolition of the marking system and that the critic is no longer a pedant or a pedagogue sending one author up to the head of his class and setting another in the corner with a fool's cap on his brow. It declares the honest impression of the individual at the moment of writing, not concealing the fact that even this may be different at another time. In reality Poe was a critic of this type though he lacked frankness and with characteristic charlatanry was prompt to appeal to the immutable standards to verify this own vagaries. To this class also belongs Mr. Andrew Lang although he is not quite successful in explaining his equal liking for Homer and Mr. Rider Haggard, for the writings of Miss Rhoda Broughton and for those of Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière.

The three types of criticism have been evolved inevitably one out of the other; and the development of the third kind has not driven out the practitioners of the first and second. Critics of all three classes exist at present side by side in France, England and America, disputing together daily in the schools. Yet the man is of more importance than the method; and a born critic can bend any theory of his art to suit his purpose. Boileau and Sainte-Beuve were both good critics, and Matthew Arnold was a good critic; and

so is Mr. Lowell who seems rather an eclectic, not firm in following any one creed. To which theory a man gives in allegiance nowadays is mainly a question of temperament. In France as it happens the most brilliant critic of the younger generation, M. Jules Lemaitre, belongs to the third class. M. Lemaitre is a triumphant exemplar of individual criticism, giving his opinions for what they are worth and presenting them so forcibly, so picturesquely, so pleasantly that at least they are always worth listening to. There is no pose in his frankness, and his apparent inconsequence is open and honest.

In some respects M. Jules Lemaitre is a typical Frenchman of letters. He has the ease, the grace, the wit, the lightness of touch and the certainty of execution characteristic of the best French authors. Behind these charms he has the love of clearness, of order, of symmetry—in a word, of art—which is among the most marked of French qualities. He dislikes extravagance of any kind; he hates harshness, violence, brutality. He inherits the Latin tradition and he has fed fat on the poetry of Greece and Rome. He has none of the liking of his contemporary M. Paul Bourget for foreign countries and none of M. Bourget's curiosity as to foreign literature. M. Lemaitre is content to have 'Pierre Loti' do his travelling for him or to let M. Guy de Maupassant go abroad as his proxy. In criticism M. Lemaitre is a nephew of Sainte-Beuve, but plus fin de siècle, as they say in Paris nowadays, and très dans le mouvement. He has given us character sketches of his fellow critics M. Francisque Sarcey, M. Brunetière and M. Anatole France, but he has made no portrait of himself such as painters sometimes make of themselves; of course he has depicted himself involuntarily as every author must do, since no man may jump off his shadow.

M. Jules Lemaitre has not yet 'come to forty years.' He is still a young man. He was born in 1853 in the little village of Vennecy on the edge of the forest of Orleans. He attended school at Orleans and then in Paris, and when he was nineteen he entered the normal school, which of late years has given many a brilliant man to French literature. In 1875 at the

age of twenty-two he was graduated from the normal school with high honors and he was at once sent to the Lycée of Havre as professor of rhetoric. Here he stayed five years teaching and yet finding time to write that first volume of verse with which most authors begin their literary career.

In 1880 he published these poems and in the same year he was promoted and sent to Algiers. In 1883 he brought out a second book of rhymes and he presented his double theses to the Sorbonne whereupon he was made a doctor of letters. The thesis in French, a study of the plays of Dancourt and of the course of French comedy after the death of Molière, was quite unconventional in its individuality as anyone may see

now that it has been published. He was again promoted, but he already thought of giving up his professorship to venture into literature. In 1884 he asked for leave of absence and went to Paris where he began to contribute regularly to the *Revue Bleue*, the most literary and the most independent of French weekly journals, as far as may be the Parisian equivalent of the London *Spectator* and Saturday *Review* or of the New York *Nation* and *Christian Union*. In a very few weeks

he made his name known to all the Parisians who care for literature. His acute analysis of M. Renan was the first of his essays to attract general attention; and when he followed this up with equally incisive studies of M. Zola and of M. Georges Ohnet, he was at once accepted as one of the most acute of contemporary French critics. As one of his biographers

declares 'He was unknown in October 1884 and in December he was famous.' A few months later when M. J. J. Weiss resigned, M. Lemaitre was appointed dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, the position long held by Jules Janin.

His contributions to the *Revue Bleue*, M. Lemaitre has four times gathered into volumes sent forth under the same title, *Les Contemporains*.

Selections from his weekly articles in the *Débats* have also been collected in four successive volumes called *Impressions de Théâtre*. The titles he has given to these two series of his criticisms reveal the aim of M. Lemaitre and his range. Those whom he criticises are chiefly his contemporaries, or at furthest those who have deeply and immediately influenced the men of today; and the criticisms themselves are chiefly his impressions. M. Lemaitre is a man of the nineteenth cen-



GEORGES OHNET.

tury first of all, and he tells his fellow men how the books and the plays of the nineteenth century, the authors and the actors, affect him, how they move him, in short how they impress him at the moment regardless of any change of opinion which may come to him in the future.

Sainte-Beuve protests against those who borrow ready-made opinions, and it must be admitted that more often than not a ready-made opinion is a misfit. M. Jules Lemaitre has his opinions made to measure and as soon as he outgrows them they are cast aside. While he wears them they are his own, and neither in cut, cloth nor style are they commonplace. He has the double qualification of the true critic—insight and equipment. He has humor and good humor and he enjoys the play of his own wit. He is a scholar who is often as lively and as lawless as a schoolboy. He is at once a man of letters and a man of the world. He hates the smell of the lamp, and his best work

coming to definite conclusions. The certainty of conviction which he brought with him from the provinces has given way to a more Parisian scepticism. His earlier criticisms were all solidly constructed and stood four-square. M. Renan, M. Georges Ohnet and M. Zola were never in any doubt as to his final opinion.

The later criticisms are more individual, more 'personal,' as the French say more impressionist, than the earlier. M. Lemaitre is quite aware that the shield is silver on one side and gold on the other, and he is no longer willing to break a lance for either metal whichever may be nearer to him. He is open-minded, he sees both sides at once, and he sets down both the pro and the con, sometimes declining to express his own ultimate opinion, sometimes even refusing to form any opinion at all. He is fond of setting up a man of straw to act as the devil's advocate; but though this insures a full hearing of the witnesses for the defence as well as for the prosecution it rarely prevents M. Lemaitre from getting his saint after all when he is resolute for the beatification. Now and again he seems indifferent and he remains 'on the fence' as we Yankees say, or rather on both sides of it at once. His attitude then is that of a lazy judge leaving the whole burden of decision on the jury. Yet he is prompt enough, as the essays on Daudet's *Immortel*, M. Zola's *Rève*, Victor Hugo's *Toute la Lyre* in the fourth series show plainly, when his opinion is clear and simple. This is evidence, were any needed, that behind the hesitation and the apparent indifference, there is a live interest in literature, a real love for what is true, genuine, hearty, and a sharp hatred for shams.

His hatred of shams is shown in his swift condemnation of M. Georges Ohnet's romances, perhaps unduly ferocious in manner although indisputably deserved. M. Georges Ohnet is the most popular of French novelists; his stories sell by the hundred thousand and he occupies the place in France which the late E. P. Roe held in America and which Mr. Rider Haggard holds now in England—although this comparison is unkind to Roe whose literature however limited was absolutely sincere. There had been



ALPHONSE DAUDET.

has the flavor of the good talk that may go up the chimney when there is a wood fire on the hearth. As he gained experience and authority he has become less emphatic and he hesitates more before

a general silence in the French press about M. Ohnet's novels; no one praised them highly but they pleased the public—or at least the half-educated and really illiterate mass of novel readers. M. Lemaitre felt the revolt of a scholar of refined tastes and delicate instincts against the overpowering popularity of M. Ohnet's empty triviality and in a memorable article he 'belled the cat' and he 'rang the bell.' Never was such an execution since Macaulay slew Montgomery. M. Lemaitre began by saying that he was in the habit of discussing literary subjects but he hoped that he would be pardoned if he spoke now of the novels of M. Georges Ohnet; and then, he went on to hold up to scorn the feeble style of M. Ohnet, the merely mechanical structure of his stories, the conventionality of his characters and their falsity to humanity, the barren absurdity of his philosophy of life and the baseness of his appeal to the prejudices of the middle class wherein he sought for readers. In general M. Lemaitre is keen of fence and his weapon is the small sword of the duelling field; but to M. Ohnet he took a single-stick or a quarter-staff and with this he beat his victim black and blue, breaking more than one bone.

Longfellow tells us that "a young critic is like a boy with a gun; he fires at every living thing he sees; he thinks only of his own skill, not of the pain he is giving." M. Lemaitre was a young critic when he wrote this crushing assault on M. Ohnet. Since then he has never attempted to repeat the experience; it is true that there is in France today no other subject as good as M. Ohnet for a severe critic to try his hand on. Of late when M. Lemaitre

has had to express a hostile opinion he has been more indirect; and now he draws blood by a dexterous insinuation adroitly thrust under his adversary's sword arm. Ill-disguised was his contempt for M. Albert Wolff a Parisian from Cologne who writes chroniques for the *Figaro*—most perishable of all articles de Paris—one who is to journalism what M. Georges Ohnet is to literature. Ill-disguised is his condemnation of the part M. Henri Rochefort has played in the French politics of the past quarter of a century, and bitterly incisive—corrosive

almost—is the outline he etches of the character of the man with the immitigable grin, the man whose *Lanterne* helped to light the fall of the second empire, the man who has since egged on every revolt however bloody, however hopeless, however foolish.

Of these adverse criticisms there are very few indeed, a scant half-dozen perhaps, in the three-score essays contained in four volumes of *Les Contemporains*. This is as it should be for he is a very narrow critic indeed who deals more in

blame than in praise. For criticism to be profitable and pregnant, the critic must needs dwell on the works he admires. Merely negative criticism is sterile. The late Edmond Scherer said that "the ideal of criticism was to be able to praise cordially and with enthusiasm if need be without losing one's head or getting blind to defects."

Nothing is more needful for a critic than sympathy with his subject. The faculty of appreciation, of hearty admiration, of contagious enthusiasm even, is among the best gifts of a true critic; and this M. Lemaitre has in abundance. He



ERNEST RENAN.

likes the best and the best only, but this he likes superlatively. And he can see the good points even of authors who do not altogether please him; and these he is always ready to laud in hearty fashion.

"Readers like to find themselves more severe than the critic; and I let them have this pleasure," said Sainte-Beuve—"Le lecteur aime assez à se croire plus sévère que le critique; je lui laisse ce plaisir-là." M. Lemaître goes far beyond his great predecessor; he delights in broad eulogy of those who appeal to his delicate sense of the exquisite in literary art. His enjoyment of Pierre Loti for example, of M. Daudet's Nabab, of M. Renan, is so intense that he is swept off his feet by the strong current of admiration. But though he lose his feet he keeps his head and in his highest raptures he is never uncritical. What M. Lemaître likes best are if not always the books best worth liking, always at least books well worth liking; and he likes them for what is best in them and never for their affectations, their superfluities, their contortions; and it is for these often that many a critic pretends to worship a master. M. Lemaître's taste is keen and fine and sure and his judgment is solid.

Although M. Lemaître knows his classics—Greek, Latin and French—as becomes a normalien he likes French literature better than Greek or Latin and he likes the French literature of the nineteenth century better than that of the eighteenth or even of the seventeenth. It is his contemporaries who most interest him. In his clear and subtle and respectful analysis of the characteristics of his fellow critic M. Ferdinand Brunetière, M. Lemaître confesses that while he reads Bossuet and acknowledges the power of that most eloquent of orators yet the reading gives him little pleasure, "whereas often on opening by chance a book of today or of yesterday" he thrills with delight; and he calls on M. Brunetière to set off one century against the other. "If perhaps Corneille, Racine, Bossuet have no equivalents today the great century had the equivalent of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of Musset, of Michelet, of George Sand, of Sainte-Beuve, of Flaubert, of M. Renan? And is it my fault if I would rather read a chapter of M. Renan than a sermon of Bossuet, the Nabab than the Princess

of Cleves, and a certain comedy of Meilhac and Halévy even than a comedy of Molière?"

It is this I think which gives to M. Lemaître's criticism much of its value—his intense liking for the French literature of today and his perfect understanding of its moods and of its methods. He has an extraordinary dexterity in plucking out the heart of technical mysteries. In considering a little book of sayings he took occasion to declare the theory of maxim making whereby every man may be his own La Rochefoucauld, and he supplied an abundance of bright examples manufactured according to his new formulas. In like manner he discovered the trick of the rhythms and rhymes of M. Théodore de Banville the reviewer of the rondeau and of the ballade and a past-master of verbal jugglery and of acrobatic verse.

In peering into the methods of more important literary workmen he is equally acute. Take for example his study of M. Zola—perhaps the most acute and the most respectful analysis of M. Zola's very remarkable powers to be found anywhere: more elaborate than the excellent essay written by Mr. Henry James when Nana was published. M. Zola is a novelist with a theory of his art violently promulgated and turbulently reiterated until most people were ready to accept his own word for his work and to regard his romances as exemplars of the naturalism he proclaimed. Now and then an adverse critic dwelt on the inconsistencies between M. Zola's theory and his practice, and M. Zola himself bemoaned the occasional survivals of the romantic spirit he detected in himself. M. Lemaître began by thrusting this aside and by painting M. Zola in his true colors with a bold sweep of the brush. "M. Zola," he declared, "is not a critic and he is not a naturalistic novelist in the meaning he himself gives to the term. But M. Zola is an epic poet and a pessimistic poet. . . . By poet I mean a writer who in virtue of an idea . . . notably transforms reality and having so transformed it gives it life." M. Lemaître then shows us the simple but powerful mechanism of M. Zola's art, how he takes a theme and sets it before the reader with broad strokes and with typical characters boldly differ-

entiated and reduced almost to their elements but none the less alive. Space fails here to show how M. Lemaitre works out most convincingly the substantial identity of M. Zola's massive method with that of the epic poet, and how he discovers in every one of M. Zola's later fictions a Beast, a huge symbol of the

theme which that story sets forth, and a chorus which comments upon the events and brings them nearer to the reader.

The essay may be recommended to all who have a taste for criticism; I know nothing at once more acute, more original or truer. It may be recommended especially to those who would like to

know what manner of writer M. Zola is and who yet shrink from the reading of his novels often drawn out and wearisome and nearly always foul and repulsive. It is M. Zola's misfortune—and it is indubitably his own fault—that he is judged by hearsay often and that his books are taken as the types of filthy fiction. Perhaps he is more frequently condemned than read—although sometimes the British abuse of his books has struck me as the reaction of guilty enjoyment. Occasion serves to say in parentheses here that while M. Zola's forcible and effec-

tive novels are painful often, while they are dirty frequently and indefensibly, they are not immoral. It is in M. Octave Feuillet's rose-colored novels or in M. Georges Ohnet's gilt-edged fictions that we may seek insidious immorality.

M. Lemaitre indicates the misplaced dirt in M. Zola's novels and obviously

enough is himself a man of clean mind but perhaps he lacks the inherent sternness of morality which in a man of Anglo-Saxon stock would go with an upright character like his.

He has a respectful regard for the Don Juan of Molière and of Mozart, of Byron and of Musset; and he has a kindly tolerance for the dis-



EMILE ZOLA.

ciples of Don Juan who infest French literature. With surprise one notes even a vague kindness toward the unspeakable prose of M. Cabulle Mendès a man born to justify the belief of those who hold with Coleridge that "Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder—each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed."

M. Lemaitre's dramatic criticisms, his *Impressions de Théâtre*, are quite as original as his more solid literary portraits, quite as fresh, quite as individ-

ual, quite as amusing. He lacks the profound knowledge of the conditions of dramatic art, the extraordinary insight with the necessary conventions upon which it is based, the thorough acquaintance with the history of the theatre in France, which have given to the foremost theatrical critic of our time M. Francisque Sarcey his unexampled authority. But he looks at the stage always through his own eyes, never through the opera glass of his neighbor or the spectacles of tradition. He is fond of the theatre and yet he readily goes outside of its walls and considers not merely the technic of the dramatist but also the ethics. Like most well-equipped and keen-witted critics his criticism willingly broadens its vision to consider life as well as literature. Of the conventionalities and the concessions to chance which the writer of comedy avails himself freely, M. Lemaitre is tolerant, and wisely; but he is intolerant and implacable toward the false psychology and the defective ethics of the mere playwright who twists characters and misrepresents humanity to gain an effect.

The critic of the *Débats* is not content with describing the dramas of the leading theatres of Paris; he has a Thackerayan fondness for spectacles of all kinds, for the ballet, for the circus and the pantomime, for sideshows, for freaks of every degree. In all these he finds unflinching amusement and an unflagging variety of impressions. He is always alert, lively, gay; and though he travels far afield, he is never at his wits' end. In his dramatic criticisms M. Lemaitre appears to me as a serious student of literature and of life, playing the part of a Parisian—and it is a most excellent impersonation.

Of M. Lemaitre's poems, there is no need to say anything; they are the verses of a very clever man no doubt but not those of a born poet. They shine with the reflected light of his work in prose. Gray thought "even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it"; but even fairly good verse is not as good a thing as the best observation that ever was made on the best verse. It is the prose and not the verse of Lessing and of Sainte-Beuve that we turn to again and again.

Of M. Lemaitre's stories there is no need to say much: they are the tales of a very clever man of course but not those of a born teller of tales. They lack a something vague and indefinable—a flavor, a perfume, an aroma of vitality; it is as though they were a manufacture rather and not a growth. They are not inevitable enough. They are naïf without being quite convincing. They have simplicity of motive, harmony of construction, sharpness of outline, touches of melancholy and pathos, unflinching ingenuity and wit—and yet—and yet—of the stories contained in the beautifully illustrated volume called *Dix Contes* only three or four are modern and even these seem to have a hint of allegory as though there were perhaps a concealed moral somewhere. The rest are tales of once-upon-a-time, in Arabia, in Greece, in Rome, as dissimilar as possible from the 'contes' of M. Daudet or of M. de Maupassant, of M. Coppée or of M. Halévy, and with a certain likeness to the *Contes Philosophiques* of Voltaire. To say this is to suggest that they are rather fables, apologues, allegories, than short stories.

Of M. Lemaitre's one play *Revolte* there is no need to say more; it is the comedy of a very clever man indeed but not that of a born playwright. When acted at the Odéon in 1889 it did not fail but it did not prove a powerful attraction. When published—and to the delight of all who are fond of the drama French plays are still published as English comedies were once—it impressed the expert as likely to read better than it acted. There was abundance of wit for example but it was rather the wit of M. Jules Lemaitre than of his characters, and it was rather the wit of the study than of the stage. Yet *Revolte* is an honorable attempt and highly interesting to all who are interested in M. Lemaitre.

To sum up my opinion of these tentative endeavors in other departments of literature, M. Lemaitre is a very clever man whose cleverness does not lead him naturally and irresistibly to poetry or to storytelling or to playwriting. What it does lead him to is criticism—criticism of literature primarily because he loves letters, but criticism also of life at large, of man and his manners, his motives, his relation to the world and to the universe.



THERE is probably no great institution in the world that is so persistently misrepresented and so generally misunderstood as that which is known as Wall street. Even among otherwise intelligent men it seems to be the impression that the street is nothing more nor less than an unchartered association of bandits and robbers masquerading under the names of bankers, brokers and operators who are banded together in an unholy conspiracy to wreck railroads, 'freeze out' stockholders and to first 'pull the wool' over the eyes and then from off the backs of any unwary 'lambs' that wander innocently into their haunts.

Or in other words it seems to be the general opinion that it is

nothing more than a huge gambling hell in which men wager their wealth upon the rise or fall in price of stocks instead of upon the turn of a card and in which 'corners' and manipulations of the market take the place of the marked cards and sleight-of-hand of the professional gamester. Even men who are apparently well informed regarding all other kinds of business appear to have the most crude and undefined notions of the methods of doing business at the Stock Exchange. Very many good pious and well-meaning clergymen firmly believe that Wall street is something of a financial Sodom and that the doorway of every broker's office within its borders is but one of the many side entrances to the domains of Beelzebub. By this assertion I do not mean to cast any aspersion upon the noble aims of these gentlemen of the cloth, for I believe that they have unwittingly misrepresented Wall street to the great detriment of the business interests of this country, when had they been properly informed their views and utterances would have been entirely different.

For instead of its being ruled by the laws and rules peculiar to associations of thieves and pirates the ethics of Wall street are the same as those which govern every great commercial mart on the globe. In reality Wall street is nothing but a great money and security exchange where for convenience the bulk of the exchange business of the country is done at one spot. It bears the same relation to the world of money that Fulton market does to gastronomic New York—that of a great distributor. In the one case it is money and evidences of property that are exchanged and distributed, in the other it is food.

If Wall street were to be suddenly destroyed the financial world would receive the same shock and suffer the same inconvenience until it were replaced that the dwellers upon Manhattan island would should Fulton and Washington markets be suddenly engulfed by an earthquake. The Street has become an absolute necessity as a healthful stimulant to the rest of the business of the country; and as it moves the money that controls the affairs of the land, everything looks to this centre as an index of its prosperity. The greater bulk of its busi-

ness is of incalculable benefit to the nation at large; and the wild schemes and swindling operations of the few financiers of the Ward type are but exceptions.

One great cry against Wall street is that its business is 'speculative.' Such it unquestionably is, but where is the business that is not? Every merchant in the world is a speculator. When he buys goods at a certain price he expects to sell them for a higher one; so too does the Wall street operator when he buys stocks. If the merchant believes that the goods he deals in will be lower in the future he strives to sell all he can at the prevailing price either for present or future delivery; so does the operator when he sells 'short.' Each of these is speculation and one is as much so as the other. To do away with speculation would be to abolish trade, put an end to commerce and return to that barbaric state in which each family furnished by its own labor all that it consumed.

As long as men own property which they wish to exchange for other property there must be speculation. It is but the method adopted for adjusting differences of opinion as to future values whether of products or securities. That it has reached a greater height and a wider range today than ever before is only for the reason that modern civilization has increased the facilities for procuring information from all quarters as to what future prices may be.

In former years in the days when there was neither telegraph nor cable, railroad nor steamship, the results of a crop were known only when it came to market. Today we receive information of anything affecting the value of a commodity almost as soon as it happens. The news of the appearance of the chinch bug among the wheat fields of Dakota instantly raises the price of wheat, for it indicates that a smaller crop will be harvested. The dealer in wheat who believes that that commodity will be higher in the future endeavors to purchase all he can for future delivery at the market price; the one who believes it will be lower sells all he can upon the same terms. Likewise the operator in stocks who yesterday was willing to give a certain price for the stock of railroads whose main freights are taken from the insect-devastated

fields will not give near as much today knowing that if there is not so much freight to be carried the earnings of such railroads will of necessity be lower.

Speculation thus brings into play the best intelligence as to the future of values. They who best understand the actual condition of affairs and their ultimate results win in the end, and the result is the nearest possible approach to correct values. Speculation for a fall in prices or selling 'short' is based upon the opinion of he who sells that there will be an oversupply. If it succeeds, the production is checked until prices recover and in the mean time production is diverted to articles less abundant. Speculation for a rise in prices is based upon the presumption that there will be a scarcity or short supply, and its direct effect is to quicken production and restore the equilibrium of prices.

'Corners' are the effect of running speculation to an excessive length by which the seller contracts to deliver more goods of a certain kind than he can obtain. By so doing he places himself at the mercy of those to whom he has contracted to deliver. By his misfortunes however the public is but little affected and it is the speculators themselves who suffer.

Contrary to the popular impression the great majority of 'corners' have been disastrous to their projectors, and many of those that have succeeded were gotten up only as a measure of self-preservation as was the great Harlem corner of 1864. Usually 'corners' in Wall street at least have been shining instances of the 'would-be biter bitten.'

It is the opinion of most persons not thoroughly acquainted with Wall street and its methods that those who do business in the Street are all the time praying for a panic in order that they may like vultures fatten upon the misfortunes of others. Instead of such being the case there is nothing that its bankers and brokers dread so much as a panic. They know if others do not, that even a small panic means disaster to some and a large one to the majority of its denizens. The same is true in a less degree of 'corners,' and as a natural consequence the men of Wall street as a body are strongly against both.

After the memorable Black Friday those who were mainly responsible for that disastrous day only escaped injury and perhaps death by the intervention of the police. Had it been otherwise whatever punishment had been theirs the sympathy they would have received in the Street would have been scant indeed.

Far from being in favor of panics and 'corners' the men of Wall street are against them and do all that they can to prevent them. Instead of trying to bring them about, the majority are ready to risk their money to break a proposed 'corner' or to avert a panic, which did it come might bring national and widespread disaster in its train.

The people read in the newspapers of the few 'corners' that reach great proportions, but never a word regarding those that are nipped in the bud by watchful operators; they see columns in relation to the few panics that come to full fruition, and not unfrequently feel directly their evil effects, but not once in a thousand times do they see even a line or hear the smallest whisper in relation to the many that are killed in the period of gestation by the bankers and brokers who spring nobly into the breach.

You can hardly find a schoolboy who has not heard of Black Friday and the panic of '73, but how many are there who know that when the death of William H. Vanderbilt threatened to precipitate a panic, the operators in the Street organized a pool with a capital of \$12,000,000 to be used to prevent it? Happily it was not needed. But it was the knowledge that that amount of money was ready and waiting to be used in case of necessity that more than any other consideration perhaps prevented the unscrupulous financiers of the Ferdinand Ward type from taking advantage of their opportunity for evil.

So too the general public has read much from time to time in relation to the so-called 'bloated bondholders' of Wall street's actions during the rebellion. To read the anti-monopoly and greenback organs one would imagine that they had as a body basely taken advantage of their country's necessities during the rebellion and conspired to enrich themselves at its expense; that in fact beside them Judas Iscariot was an immaculate saint

and Benedict Arnold the noblest of patriots.

So far from this being the case there was no class of men in the entire land who did more or who gave up more to sustain the government during its most trying hours than did they. Had it not been for the assistance of Wall street both at the beginning and during the entire continuance of that memorable struggle the result would unquestionably have been vastly different.

When the Honorable Salmon P. Chase became secretary of the treasury he found it empty. Very shortly a large amount of interest upon the outstanding obligations of the government would become due, and unless this was met promptly at maturity the national credit would be irredeemably ruined and the struggle for existence if not ended at once by the utter defeat of the government at least greatly complicated and prolonged.

The men of Wall street saw as no other body of men in the country could see the gravity of the situation at a glance. They realized at once that if the credit of the government were to collapse the whole framework of our political system would be endangered if indeed it did not go to pieces like a house of cards.

The dissensions in our national household and the apparent coming of our governmental destruction were watched with eager eyes by our enemies in monarchical Europe. The one thing that must be had to save the nation was money, but where was that to be had? The Rothschilds and the money lenders of Lombard street shook their heads and smiled cynically at the mere mention of a loan to the United States, for in their opinion our once great republic was irretrievably doomed.

At that period the financiers of Europe regarded the chances of receiving repayment for moneys loaned to our government about the same as they now do that of ever receiving anything upon the bonds of the ill-starred and defunct Confederate states.

Such was the situation and the opinion of the other financiers of the globe when the men of Wall street came to the rescue and extricated our country from its perilous position. It is true that they were well paid for it, but the interest that they

received, twelve per cent., was nothing when the risk was taken into account.

That our government survived the shock of the greatest and bloodiest civil war in the history of mankind and maintained its autonomy was due in a large measure to the patriotic action of the Street. Had its bankers locked up their shekels as did those of Europe it is safe to say that Bull Run would have been the last battle of the war as well as the first and that the Ohio instead of the Rio Grande would today mark the southern limit of the dominion of the Stars and Stripes.

But not only did they lend the government money outright, but in many ways they held up its hands during that memorable conflict. Among other things, realizing that the depreciation of the bonds and greenbacks of the government might mean the downfall of the nation, early in the struggle the New York Stock Exchange for the purpose of keeping up the national credit passed a resolution prohibiting members from selling government bonds short and also forbidding all dealings in gold. This latter resolution was the principal cause of the formation of the Gold Exchange. This action of the Stock Exchange was taken boldly and nobly in order that the nation might be benefited, when its members well knew that it meant the loss to them collectively of many millions of dollars. Yet knowing this they made the sacrifice from the highest and most patriotic motives in order that the credit of the nation might not be impaired. But notwithstanding such a record of unselfish assistance rendered to their country in its hours of deadly peril many people if not the majority consider the members of the New York Stock Exchange to be nothing but a selfish set of money grabbers ever ready to plunge the nation into financial turmoil and disaster if they could see in its misfortunes an opportunity for self-enrichment. I very much doubt if there be another institution in the country whose members would have made such a personal sacrifice in the interests of our country. Certainly none did when they had abundant opportunity.

Wall street has taken greater advantage for the general good, of scientific discoveries, than all the societies of philanthro-

pists from the Penobscot to the Columbia. Its brokers are through the electric telegraph in closer sympathy with the great heart of civilized humanity than all the benevolent associations of the globe. They are in fact the greatest cosmopolitans of our day and time. In all the great centres of population, in the remotest corners of the earth, beneath the scorching sun of the tropics and in the shadow of the North Cape—anywhere and everywhere that man is striving to subdue the forces of nature and bend them to the wants of man—you will find the representatives of the men of Wall street; for it is their province to build up instead of to destroy.

Had it not been for their assistance the greatest industries and those gigantic achievements of our country in railroad building, mining, etc. that have turned the eyes of Europe in wonder upon us as being a nation unparalleled in the history of humanity, would never have existed, at least in nowhere near their present magnitude. Is a canal to be digged, is a new railroad to be built in the wilds of the west to bring a new wilderness within the pale of civilization, are new mines to be opened or great inventions placed upon the market, it is to Wall street that the projectors look for the money necessary for their purpose. Without such an exchange where could a new and untried enterprise of any magnitude readily find a market for its stocks and bonds? And without such a market how many railroads would there be built? How many mountain ranges tunnelled? How many Suez and Panama canals accomplished in order that the life blood of trade might flow with redoubled vigor through the veins of commerce? Certainly such enterprises in the absence of Wall street would be very few indeed, and it may well be doubted if there would be even a single one projected without such assistance.

In practical sympathy to those in misfortune as well as in commercial enterprises the men of Wall street stand unexcelled. Let there be a section of the country stricken with pestilence, flood or famine; let a great city be laid in ashes as was Chicago in '71, and who so ready to spring to the relief of the suffering with the one thing needful? They have the

means to help the unfortunate, and they do. This comes chiefly from their being practical and for their strong antipathy to hypocrisy and cant.

So far from being a place where the majority are disreputable adventurers, there is no spot in the world where people are trusted so much on faith as they are in Wall street—not even excepting the church.

The business is one of mutual confidence and not a single day passes but that dozens of men have the opportunity of sequestering millions of dollars of the money of others and fleeing in safety to lands where there are no extradition treaties to make them afraid. Yet when we consider the large number of transactions and the immense amount of money daily handled in the Street, the number of those who turn recreant to their trust is few indeed.

A man whose simple word could not be relied upon even in large transactions, could not do business in Wall street twenty-four hours after his character was discovered. It is the proud boast of a great number of Wall street men that their 'word is as good as their bond.' As a consequence they have become world-renowned for straightforward dealing, and today are the acknowledged leaders in speculative affairs not only in this country but of the world. Wherever the spirit of speculation has taken root, be it near or far, there Wall street is a household word and its operators are held in the highest esteem.

That the honor of Wall street has been tarnished at all is due for the most part to adventurers from outside who made their way into it in order to prey upon the honorable men who were rightly there. On account of the great amount of money that there is in the Street, there is of course no other place upon the western hemisphere where swindlers and confidence men have the opportunity of winning so great a harvest when once they have obtained the confidence of their intended victims. But the Street proper is no more to be judged by the few men of this stamp who have now and then appeared in it than is the church for the hypocrites who now and then don its livery to disguise their real character. The Street is the victim of these adventurers and, as soon as it dis-

covers them, turns them out in short order. There is no place on earth where adventurous thieves have fewer sympathizers than in Wall street, unless perhaps it be in the bureau of Inspector Byrnes.

There is no class of business men upon the face of the globe among whom honesty and integrity count for more or are more highly honored than among the men of Wall street, and nowhere are they more highly rewarded than there. Rarely does a man who has received his training from early youth in the Street ever go wrong. Day by day he hears the brokers and operators speak highly of the honest men of the Street and with unmitigated scorn of those whom they believe to be the reverse. As a consequence he naturally strives to gain a like honorable reputation and generally succeeds. Now and then at rare intervals there rises a Ferdinand Ward who is an exception. But such men would be swindlers and thieves had they been immured from youth to manhood within the walls of monasteries and inculcated with all the virtuous maxims of the saints. On the other hand the

man not of that abnormal stamp of wickedness, who has been trained in the ethics of the Street seldom dishonors its name. If such a man is unsuccessful, seldom is it that the taint of dishonor clings to his failure. He may pass through the whole gamut of financial disaster, he may fall to the gutter through over-indulgence in liquor and the despair brought by a succession of reverses or the dishonesty of unscrupulous and wicked partners, but he is still capable of rising phoenix-like from the ashes of his former self, and after all making his life a supreme success. How low the rest of his moral being may be brought he will never stoop to swindle.

In brief then the ethics which govern Wall street are the same as those in force among all associations of business men throughout the length and breadth of the globe; the same principles of honesty and justice, probity and equity, upon which successful merchants in every land and clime conduct their affairs and according to which all honorable men order their lives, viz. honesty of action, integrity of purpose, and truthful and fair dealing at all times.



ADOLF OBERLÄNDER, HUMORIST.

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.

BACK of Magna Charta, the king appropriated laughter as well as liberty. Royalty held the monopoly of mirth-makers along with court luxuries, crown jewels and personal rights. But with the evolution of the individual and the development of the reproductive arts of printing and engraving the exclusive association of bauble and sceptre gradually came to an end.

All the world loves laughter—and the laughter—and so, as the commoners claimed their own, the jester became in course of time the possession of all the people. He no longer wore the motley trappings of his predecessors, and the bauble gave place to pen and pencil. The merriment was no longer for the king—more often it was at the king—and the printed page went to the porches of the people rather than to the portals of the palace.

Half a century ago from the germ of the cap-and-bells corner of the periodical there sprang into being as if from a simultaneous impulse in the three great nations certain publications devoted to mirthmaking—Charivari in France (1832) and a little later Punch in England (1841) and Fliegende Blätter in Germany (1844). After the establishment of these papers the development of relief engraving and the application of photography more especially in the later

photo-mechanical processes of reproduction gave a great impetus to pictorial humor. The quicker and vivid presentation of ideas by pictures has held ever since its immense advantage over merely written wit.

In America very naturally perhaps after

the long repression from the chill of Puritan austerity the first eminent work of the jester's pencil was in the righting of a wrong. Few readers of these pages have forgotten the swift and resistless force of Nast's pencil which through moral magic became a potent lance against the Tammany reign to its overthrow. This pictorial political episode made modern in the art world the legend of St. George and the dragon.

Following in the wake of Harper's Weekly and its memorable conquest of twenty years ago came Puck supplementing its political caricatures with social satire and the humor of whims and follies, and, shortly after, Puck's

party rival Judge. But if we except Vanity Fair whose brief day of gayety came to a close in the shadow of the civil war it was not until the establishment of Life half a dozen years ago that America had any periodical which like Punch was a medium for the finer and more subtle humor of literary and social life which bubbled over with whole-

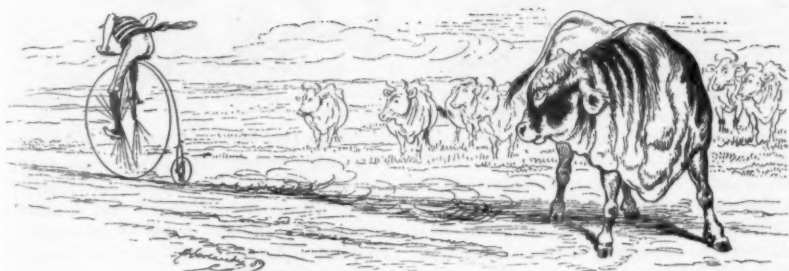
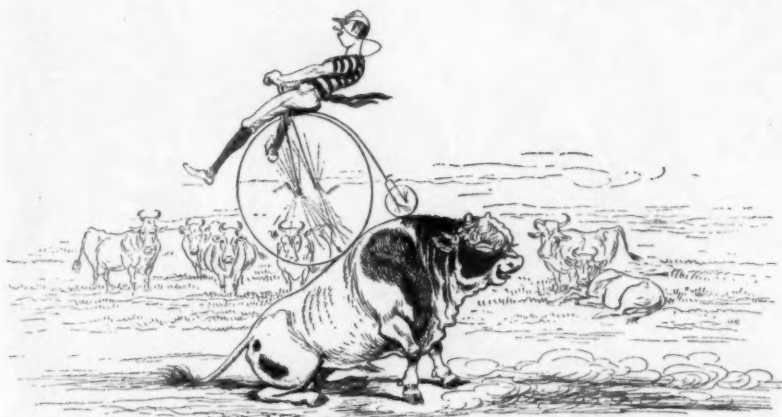


ADOLF OBERLÄNDER.

some merriment and laughed for laughter's sake.

By a paradox this newest and gayest

of modernness is really remarkable. For nearly half a century—the current half-yearly volume is numbered XCII—with



MR. WHEELMAN, THE CHAMPION RIDER.

jester most markedly suggests one of the oldest—the German *Fliegende Blätter*. The outward likeness of late issues in pictorial refinement and in a peculiar air

perennial youthfulness *Fliegende Blätter* has made merry for its readers. More than this, it has been a pioneer in the cause of art, a developer of taste and ap-

preciation in the common people. Its history and the history of wood engraving in Germany go hand in hand. The leading artists contemporary with it have been numbered among its contributors. Among the many clever pencils perhaps the 'maddest, merriest' in the pages of this Teutonic prototype of Life for a gen-

perception of possibilities in the undeveloped artist had at once made an opening for him. Through all the years since Adolf Oberländer, humorist, has been as he is today the chiefest entertainer of the German people.

Oberländer was born at Regensburg, October 1st 1845 at about the same date



THE ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW AT TIMBUCTOO.

eration past has been held by Adolf Oberländer.

A quarter of a century ago the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipsic was celebrated in the Augustinian monks' cellar in the capital of Bavaria. Among the gayest men there was the young Oberländer who besides that festival celebrated another of a personal nature. On that day he had taken to Kasper Braun director of *Fliegende Blätter* a drawing, and that experienced man with his quick

that saw the birth of *Fliegende Blätter*. His father Adam Oberländer was an organist. Two years after the birth of his son he removed to Munich and became a professor of music in the conservatory. The boy Adolf grew up in this musical atmosphere and was himself considered a good home performer. His father however seems not to have been sufficiently in love with his profession to wish his son to follow him. Instead he decided to make a merchant of him and when his



THE VEGETARIAN.

school days were over placed him in a commercial college. But the artistic temperament of the father was to find larger expression in the son. It was the old story of æsthetic revolt and at last the young Oberländer turned

he won the approval of the academy committee and a consequent course of travel and art study. It was then that Piloty the finder and fosterer of so much talent discovered him and took him into his studio and prophesied great things of his future.

As a sort of test subject the great painter suggested a witch trial as the motif of a picture; whereupon his pupil produced the composition which those who visited Piloty's studio in 1866 recall with pleasure. Oberländer with his clear vision and appreciation of a genuine expression of nature and life, gave the painting an atmosphere of realism that was in striking contrast to the conventionality of the historical pictures of that school with their over-adornment of archæological 'properties.' It is said that Piloty himself repainted some of the figures in this picture and there is usually the whispered addition that they were not the best of the group.

his back on business and in 1861 entered the academy as a student of art. Two years later at the age of eighteen while still at the academy he began to draw as already related for *Fliegende Blätter*. But he had not then found his forte—indeed he was feeling his way very far from it for it was at about this time that he painted a serious Biblical picture, and strange to say with such excellence that

Oberländer remained with Piloty for some time and so won his approval that he was even allowed to paint in his master's pictures the little brass-bound chests which it was then the fashion to put in all historical foregrounds. All this however was uncongenial work; he grew restless under the restraint of natural impulse and one day broke short off and walked out of the school, his studies under his arm. For



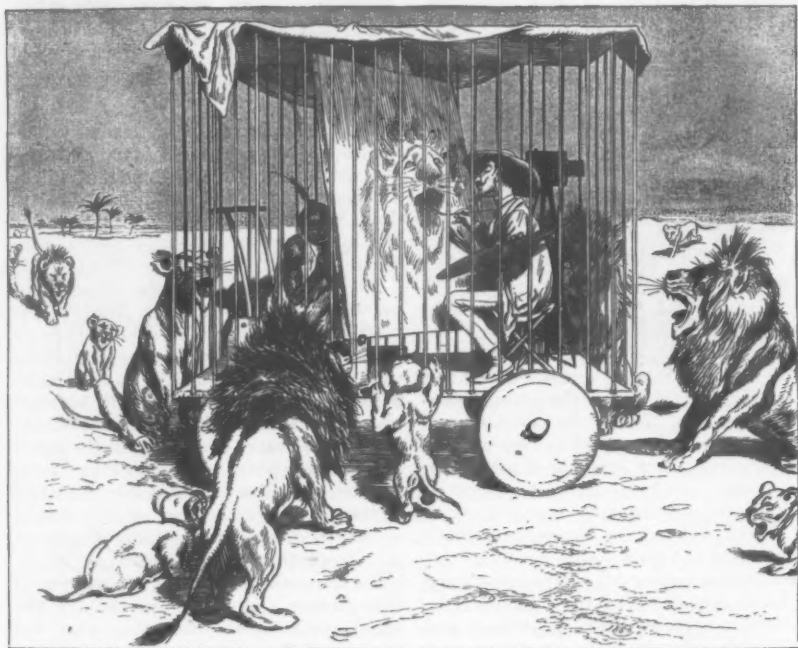
PROFESSOR (ASIDE): "IF I COULD ONLY RECALL THE BEAST'S NAME."



SOCIETY LIONS.

the year or so following he painted small genre subjects some of which may now be found in private English collections. At the exhibitions however he was unfortunate; his tiny canvases were

lost among the great show pictures and worse fortune still were generally 'skied' by the hanging committees. Only a genial nature can laugh at its own mishaps, and essentially such a nature is that of



A STUDIO IN THE SAHARA.

Oberländer who at this time contributed to *Fliegende Blätter* a cartoon showing the correct way to view 'an Oberländer'—three burly porters standing on each other's shoulders while the curious connoisseur has climbed to the top where he

fascination for him. The idea was more than the ideal expression of it—indeed his amazing fertility and the consequent impossibility of materializing the half of the motifs in the slower medium of pigment may have been a reason for drop-



THE FIRST EXPORT OF PAINTINGS TO KAMERLUNG AND THE OPENING OF THE ART SALE.

is at last within visual range of the tiny painting.

All this time Oberländer was slowly finding himself and his place in art. We may conclude that he was not a born painter in the special sense of that word; color as such had no irresistible

ping the brush. At all events he did finally decide to devote himself to black and white and chiefly used the point in preference to the brush.

But first there was a long wrestle with the current method of reproduction. At that time drawings were made directly

upon the block for wood engraving. This meant a double difficulty; first the cramping of the artist who must work in limited spaces and constantly bear in mind the reversion of his picture in printing, and second the more or less exasperating translation of the finished drawing into the peculiar line dialect of the individual engraver.

The methods of our American 'new school' of wood engraving which seek to reproduce the very idiom of the artist, the subtler qualities of tone, 'values,' textures, the touch of the individual brush as well as the foundation form, were then but dreams of dissatisfied artists. The conventional ways of our 'old-school' men prevailed in Germany to the despair of Oberländer whose drawings in consequence for a long time appeared over a pseudonyme. At length the application of photography to the reproductive arts, primarily in the reduction and reversion on the block of drawings made freely in any medium and of any size and then more especially in the direct reproduction of line drawings by photo-chemical means, changed all this and gave new impetus to the pencil of the man who had already set the German people laughing.

The admirable portrait of Oberländer from the painting by Franz von Lenbach which accompanies this article carries the presence of a fine personality—a balanced

physique, the full breadth of high forehead that indicates ideality in some form, eyes of penetrating vision, a mouth sensitive to all emotions, a curious look as of one to whom 'all the world's a stage' and he watching the play; the whole expression touched with the seriousness of

aman who through the tinkling of bells traces the tone of their tolling and in the extreme abandon of mirth feels to the full the significance of life.

In glancing over the maturer work of Oberländer that of the past decade from which the accompanying pictures are chiefly gathered, one is impressed with the amazing fertility of the artist and almost equally with the kindly heart of the man. Though classed with the caricaturists he is hardly of them—he is essentially a humorist. In following Oberländer through the vast range of subjects treated with an insight that must ever have penetrated the hollowiness and detected the flaw, there is felt no stinging sarcasm, no cold-blooded satire. Notably absent is

the attack upon personalities in themselves or as representing parties and principles, which has made famous the great French caricaturists, the keen and not unkindly Gavarni, the mocking tremendous Daumier, in Charivari; of Englishmen the broad Rowlandson, the savage Gillray and later Leech and Tenniel



OLD ATHENS AND NEW.

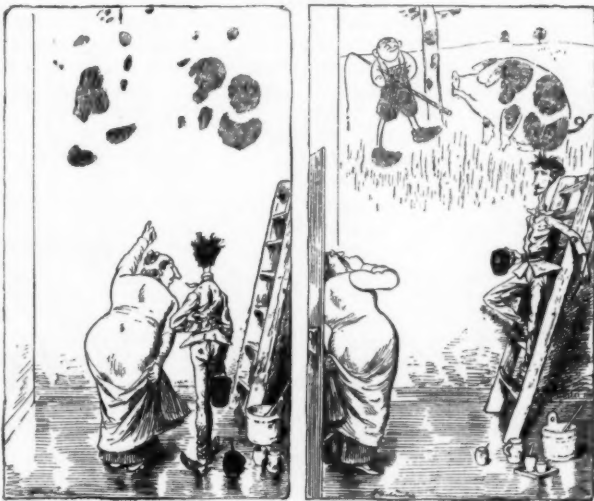


THE CONCERT SCULPTOR.

of Punch; and among Americans, Nast of Harper's Weekly and Keppler of Puck.

In the clever drawing of the country youth which our genial German calls Spring, after embodying the unsophistication, the semi-stupidity, the uncouthness even to the bigness of toil-strained knuckles and knees, one quick tender touch of the pencil slips over the ear a single flower, and we feel at once that the crude peasant possesses sentiment, that now his little world is tinged with rose color. That blossom instantly recalls that—

telling situations, and particularly of the creature's own sense of humor. Of the last characteristic An African Fly-trap is



THE OBLIGING HOUSE PAINTER.



"RUN! RUN! THE FIG IS STOLEN."



"SHO! IT'S ONLY THE NEW SUMMER BOARDER."

a happy illustration; the twinkle of the elephant's eye as he conceives the whimsical idea of utilizing his wrinkles as fly-traps indicates an enjoyment of the joke on the animal's part as great as that of the artist, or of the public who have laughed over the picture. A Studio in the Sahara is no doubt the anti-theatrical suggestion of some menagerie cage with its nonchalant inmates. The patent-wheeled cage isolate in the solitude of the desert, the calm slippered artist who has turned from his camera to paint the jaws of the lion that roars outside the bars, the native cowering behind the canvas, form an audacious embodiment of the incongruous. For quiet drollery it would be difficult to equal *A Hare Hunt*

his own field. The *Society Lions* here reproduced is one of the best of the Moritz series. Busch's drawings have a cruder strength; he has reduced lineal



THE WORKING MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

near Berlin. Here again the fun seems to be shared by the bunnies themselves as they swarm about the dudish Sunday sportsman, shin up his thin legs, clamber over his gamebag and even out on the gun-barrel faster than he can poke them off with his feeble fingers.

Among the very cleverest and most popular of Oberländer's pictures is the series expressing the ideas of the boy Moritz in what purport to be the boy Moritz's own drawings. These pictures combine indeed all the humor and fancy and subtilty of Oberländer in the direct and naïve drawing of a school-boy on his slate. In fact in their primary character, in their directness of expression, they remind one of the drawings of his rival Wilhelm Busch, and even lead one to question whether they were not designed with the deliberate purpose of showing that he could surpass Busch in



GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE.

expression to its rudiments, he has more power perhaps in intense expression, in dramatic sequence; but in the essentials of humor apart from horseplay, Oberländer seems to me the greater as he certainly is in the wider range and spontaneity of his fancy.

A skeleton may be made immensely expressive of action, and yet we of the nineteenth century rather prefer along with the fundamental posing of bones the finer shadings of meaning conveyed by the enveloping muscles and even by the concealing draperies of civilization. Busch in his deliberate abandonment of the finish and refinement of art is often a trifle too suggestive of the primary skeleton.

Oberländer's comprehensive grasp of a subject and his power of direct concentrated expression are well illustrated by the drawing called Gothic and Renaissance. Here in the space of a few

square inches is an epitome of these two great architectural movements. A layman gets at a glance a distinguishing knowledge that a dozen lectures would not impart; never after will his lagging memory straighten the dapper curly-cued renaissance figure to the rigid ecclesiastical austerity of the Gothic. They remain forever differentiated in his mind. The funny kink of the object lesson stays.

The Teutonic temperament takes kindly to strong flavors, and even in the art of *Fliegende Blätter* we come now and then upon jokes of a breadth that would be considered coarseness in Anglo-Saxon *Punch* or *Life*. But with all the license of his environment Oberländer rarely sins in that direction. Among the freer farces of his pencil may be noted the rollicking equatorial pictures two of which are here given. The Annual Cattle Show at Timbuctoo, which to American



A HARE HUNT NEAR BERLIN.



SPRING.

tails. The First Export of Paintings to Kamerung and the Opening of the Art Sale is a degree wilder yet in conception—the chief interests of the excited cannibals being divided between an effort to discover if the painted water of a marine is really wet, and experimental conjectures as to whether a luscious-looking nude Eve is likely to prove really good eating.

Quite antipodal is the picture of the æsthetic home in the effete civilization of a European city where the child at its a b c's aggrievedly feels itself the only worker in a hive of drones. Also and in distinction, how delightfully full of the flavor of the soil are the two country scenes where the haymakers mistake the operatics of the summer boarder for the protesting squeals of the kidnapped pig.

The jester in all ages has been more or less of a philosopher hiding in merriment a moral—the moral not unfrequently a moving force. During the past two summers our American Life's well-known picture Before and After has perhaps roused more generous impulses and sent more stifled city children to the green airy country than the efforts of the Associated Charities. There is as well a most impressive sermon under the absurdity in Oberländer's series contrasting Old Athens and New (Berlin); in these drawings he has made a felicitous use of 'the deadly parallel.'

Although the absent-minded professor has appeared frequently in American humor it is safe to assert that the dire ex-

eyes is a wild parody on the old-time New England agricultural fair, was indeed probably suggested to Oberländer by the somewhat famous animal fair at Munich with its crowds of sightseers, its tethered animals, its booths and side-shows; even the warning placard is present, the legend on the board in the foreground bidding visitors beware of treading on the lions'

tremity of the learned man in the tragedy of A Defective Memory could hardly have been reached outside of Germany.

All the isms and fads of the day come in for their dues. There is the delicious picture of The Vegetarian portraying the lank figure of the eschewer of meats with his adherent host of trusting comrades—four-footed, winged and finned like the sinless Adam in the primal Eden—a picture said to have been peculiarly popular in Munich because of the vegetarian craze of the mad King Ludwig; and there too is the screaming comedy of The Concert Sculptor who chisels in frenzied harmony with the rhythm of music while the audience crowding behind chair backs to escape the flying fragments watch the prodigy in fascinated wonder and applaud from between the chair legs.

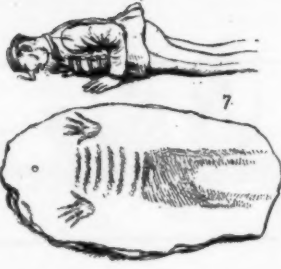
The droll domestic episode of the Obliging House Painter who so dexterously transforms disfiguring patches of color on the wall into a pastoral, and the dramatic triptych of Mr. Wheelman the Champion Rider who performs his astonishing feat with serio-comic unconcern are from Oberländer's latest work published within a few months.

After a quarter-century of versatile and prolific outputs these drawings evidence a perennial fertility of fancy, an alertness of mind and a sustained mastery of means hardly paralleled among his present contemporaries.

It has been observed that the caricaturists are the best of minor historians. At the recent London exhibition of English Humorists in Art—from the robust unreticent Hogarth toning with life Elizabethan rather than Victorian, from Rowlandson and Gillray, Cruikshank, Leech, the Doyles and other Dickens illustrators down to the later Punch artists, the great cartoonist Tenniel; the Thackeray-like du Maurier and the bubbling funmaking Furniss—the interest centred in the intimate chronicling of men and things, customs and transitory whims and foibles rather than in the inherent humor of the pictures. This close recording of the fact is perhaps more characteristic of the men who are essentially caricaturists than of those who are peculiarly humorists if we may make that distinction.

But while Oberländer has chronicled in minute detail much of contemporary Munich for the future student of history—notably the young military officers, the recruits and their sweethearts, the Sunday sportsmen, the outside peasantry and many passing phases of life—he is so great and original a merry-maker that his pictures will be treasured for all time and continue to be brought forth because of their inherent humor and embodied laughter.

Moreover in Oberländer's art it is always the pictorial expression of the idea that is funny independent of the accompanying text. His drawings do not belong to the percussion-cap class that however heavily charged with humor never 'go off' without the interpretative text lines below them. I have seen Americans who knew no word of German as hilarious as a Münchener over the Oberländer's *Fliegende Blätter*; but who can imagine a Münchener ignorant of English



FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS. A CONTRIBUTION TO THE PALEONTOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

ever discovering the joke in the society pictures of du Maurier or of our own Van Schaik and Gibson, excellent as they are in truth, in composition and in drawing?

And if this original inherent humor and spontaneous fun of the drawing taken

alone be the measure of the master—a test that would perhaps place A. B. Frost foremost in this country and Harry Furniss in England—there will be little dissent from the opinion that Adolf Oberländer holds today the first place among the humorists in art.



AN AFRICAN FLY-TRAP

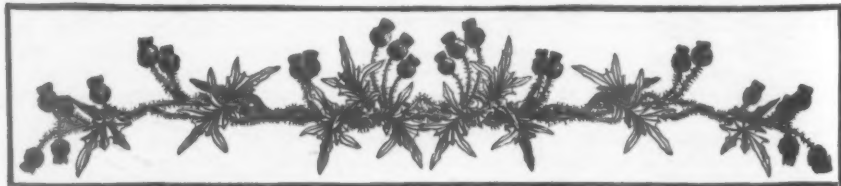
"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!"

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

"KNEE deep! knee deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane,
The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of ploughman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
"Knee deep! knee deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone and pain!—
"Knee deep! knee deep!"





I.

WHEN old Paulding Pomeroy breathed his last all society gave a great start as it were and wanted to know who would get his millions. If he had died ten years earlier his demise would not have roused at all the same sort of comment. Then he was well known as the senior partner of an opulent dry-goods firm, but a decade ago he had retired from business and buried himself in a grim brick mansion down in Second avenue and become wholly lost to the world. Of course it was not forgotten that he had enormous wealth but nobody ever saw him any more and tongues ceased to wag about him as they had done while he lived more or less before the public eye.

"He was always horribly stingy you know," said one gossiping voice. "I don't doubt that he's been passing his latter days in the most miserly parsimony."

"Oh it's quite true that he has," declared another voice. "He never married; he was not merely a bachelor but a woman hater. Ages ago he quarrelled with his only brother Bruce Pomeroy for marrying an actress or somebody like that. The brother and the sister-in-law are both dead now I've heard."

"But report says they left a child."

"Report says so many things. Nobody has ever seen this child and the chances are that he or she was never born."

But report had not erred after all. Hard and loveless as Paulding Pomeroy's life had been, a secret yet cogent penitence had come to it during those ten years of retirement which preceded his death. He not only sought out the orphan girl whom his brother had left, but conferred upon her the boon of a thorough if somewhat unfashionable education at a boarding school among the Massachusetts hills. Sara Pomeroy had but a dim memory of her mother though she suffered great childish anguish when her father died. This anguish as she but too well remembered, the grim looks and frigid tones of her uncle Paulding did not allay. But behind them was now hidden a sense of contrition foreign indeed to his temperament.

"I shall want you to come and see me every once in a while, Sara," he said and stroked her hair and gave her a little cold pecking sort of kiss with his hard lips on one cheek. Quite soon the small black-clad girl was called for in the miserable Harlem lodgings where he had found her; and a servant who had lived with her uncle for a short eternity and was just as taciturn and sombre as his master, took her in the cars to that school among the Berkshire hills.

Here Sara passed some delightful years. She used to dread those vacation visits to her uncle in New York. After the geniality of Mrs. Lyndhurst, the affection and companionship of certain teachers and pupils, the stimulating or sooth-

ing charms of a delightful country environment, those prim old chambers with their coffin-like mahogany doors and copings and with the smileless withered master who presided over them produced a depressing change. Still Paulding Pomeroy had been kind in so far as it was possible for him to show real kindness. If ever in his whole austere life he had melted to anybody that person was Sara. And when she heard of his sudden death the girl (then about to graduate from Mrs. Lyndhurst's) wept tears of genuine grief.

"I didn't know you cared for him like that," said Sara's friend Grace Pinckney.

"Oh yes," came the answer. "He was very good to me. And then think, Grace: I haven't a relation in the world now except one."

"Neither have I for that matter," murmured Grace Pinckney; and then the two girls threw their arms about one another's necks and deplored each other's kinless lot. Grace had indeed a stepfather in her native Washington, who had offered her protection when the time should come for leaving Miss Lyndhurst's but the girl shrank from going back to him now that her mother was no more. She had an income just large enough to exist upon in modest comfort, and more than once of late she had said to Sara:

"Oh if you and I could only live in New York together after we leave school! Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Awfully nice," was the reply. "Do you mean in a house though—a house all to ourselves?"

"A house? Oh no; we could have a cosey flat somewhere and fix it up prettily." Grace laughed here as much with her blithe blue eyes as with her pink rose of a mouth, and tossed her head till its golden curls glistened richly in the light. "We could receive all our beaux there Sara. It would be such fun!"

"I'm never going to have any beaux," said Sara a little sadly. "I'm too plain."

"You're nothing of the sort!" cried Grace who really loved her friend with all the ardor of a very sweet and faithful spirit. "How can you say anything so horridly untrue?"

"Oh you're a beauty," answered Sara, "and can afford to be generous."

"Hush, dear!" exclaimed Grace with a very serious look. "It's perfect sacrilege for you to talk like this, with your honest womanly brown eyes, splendid teeth——"

"Large mouth," went on Sara self-derisively.

"Very expressive mouth," corrected Grace; "intellectual forehead——"

"Nose too big for my face——"

"Nose that hints very plainly of a strong character; and also having an exquisite figure—with all these attractions, I say Sara it will prove strange enough if you should be without beaux!"

"It would be jolly for us to live with one another," said Sara after seeming to muse a little. "But then think Grace: I've nothing in the way of money—nothing except what uncle Paulding gives me."

"You must ask him for a handsome allowance," said Grace stoutly. "I heard Mrs. Lyndhurst say to Miss Rockwell the other day that he was enormously rich."

"Is he?" murmured Sara raising her brows. "In that case I've a good mind to write him a suggestive reminder of how near I am to graduation."

But she did not tell her uncle that she would like him to treat her a little more liberally. On the contrary he told her that such was his intention, and told it with an eloquence no less powerful than silent. His will brought gladsome tidings to Sara, though they reached her through the gloomy lips of death. A day after the old man's funeral it was disclosed to this young damsel that she had fallen heirless to ten millions of dollars.

Her few intimates looked at one another aghast and wondered if this tremendous windfall of sudden luck would 'spoil' their Sara. But a short lapse of time showed them that no such result was probable. The great inheritance certainly altered her however. She had always been thoughtful and she now became doubly so. "I've an immense responsibility," she said to Grace. "You must come and live with me, witnessing how well or ill I discharge it."

"O Sara!" said Grace. "Do you recollect that little cosey flat we used to talk about? And you spoke of not being

rich enough to 'go halves' with me or something of that sort. What a short while ago it was!"

"We sha'n't have a flat, Grace, as it's turned out; we shall have something a good deal larger though perhaps not half so comfortable when all is told. There! don't look at me in that dubious way with your dear blue eyes. We love one another very dearly, and what you said to me not long ago about dependence and all such nonsense will very soon be ended."

"What do you mean, Sara?" asked her friend.

"Why, simply this: After to-morrow you will have your own fortune. I hope you will think it large enough. It's a gift from me that you must take."

Grace burst into tears.

"O Sara," she said, "what a friend you are! and how little I've done to deserve——"

"Please hush, Grace! All the thanks I ask of you will be for you not to desert me."

"How can you!" cried Grace drawing backward indignantly.

"Sara," she went on, "I won't accept a dime; I——"

"Stop, Grace, I know you're a loyal friend. Pardon me if I seemed to cast the vaguest doubt on your devotion. I did not mean to, and you must feel that I did not. But this new life I'm called

on to live is already beginning its work of strain and stress upon me I find."

"Sara," returned Grace at once softened and even self-reproachful, "you take it all too seriously."

"It must be taken seriously," was the reply. "I realize the necessity of my commencing many charitable tasks."

She did commence them, and considering her youth and inexperience she discharged them with fine skill and force. Her school-mistress Mrs. Lyndhurst had begun at about this time to fail a little in health. Sara induced her to come and dwell in the new establishment of which she was now mistress. It was not her uncle's dreary and drowsy old Second avenue home but a brighter and more modish one much farther up



OLD PAULDING POMEROY.

town. "You need rest," the heiress said to Mrs. Lyndhurst. "Take it for the remainder of your life with Grace and me."

The lady, elderly, gray-haired and somewhat feeble of frame, looked at Sara with a doubtful smile on the sweet familiar face which each of her former pupils had learned to prize and cherish like that of a second mother.

"You and Grace are both so young," she said; "you will both marry in the course of a little while, my dear, and then I shall be left in the cold."

"I shall never marry," replied Sara. "If Grace does we'll hunt her up two pretty wedding presents and try not to think too harshly of her desertion."

Mrs. Lyndhurst shook her head with gentle doubt. But Sara soon prevailed with her. She and Grace had come up into Berkshire during the October that followed Mr. Pomeroy's funeral. Their sojourn was full of tender memories for they had both dearly loved the school and not a few of its inmates. The slopes and sweeps of country were brightly overbrowed by the richest spells of our American autumn. "These lovely heights," said Sara to Grace one morning, "are clad with banners of triumph. It all means that we shall bring Mrs. Lyndhurst back with us to New York as our dear associate and chaperone."

"'Chaperone' seems to imply that you will go out into the gay world Sara."

"Oh no; I'd never thought of that."

Mrs. Lyndhurst accompanied the two girls on their return. Sara's offered reprieve from toil had not come a month too late. No better chaperone could possibly have existed than this genial and stately dame now proved. But she sank as inevitably into the background of Sara's new and handsome home as the healthful years which preceded present fatigue had caused her to shine with capable and assertive rulership. Her expupils deplored her languors and silences a little at first, but after a while it seemed almost providential to them that she should have lost her old salient personality; for Sara was a dominating spirit now with all her many interests, concerns, requisitions. She needed no better counsellor than Grace whose intellect may not have been by any means equal to her own, yet whose ardent sympathy and congenial youth were endowments of the aptest felicity.

"A lot of people are beginning to leave cards on us," Grace said one day during the end of autumn. "You've only seen a few visitors yet Sara on account of your mourning; but before long I'm afraid you'll be drawn straight into the vortex of society."

Sara smiled rather soberly. Then with entire candor she slowly said as though her words were the result of some close previous meditation: "I recollect that

some of the New York girls there at school used to tell us how 'select' and 'particular' was society in this monstrous town. And yet these callers are more or less grantees I believe judging from what Mr. Gascoigne my lawyer has stated to me."

"Oh I've not the least doubt that they are," said Grace. "Wealth attracts wealth my dear."

"What a cynical sentiment Grace to come from a girl of your youth, inexperience and good spirits!"

"I don't mean it for cynical," smiled Grace. "It certainly is only fitting that these great people should seek you out."

"Merely for my money?" almost sneered Sara. "Uncle Paulding left me no 'position' you know as their phrase runs. My poor father surely never had any; and as for my mother, the mere fact that she was once on the stage is enough to condemn her socially in our 'land of the free' or at least I should judge so from some of the things I've heard and read since I came here to this huge babbling city. Well, Grace," she went on, "I don't care for friendship or even acquaintanceship either when it's procured in this perfectly cold-blooded way."

But later Sara changed her creed for one that was at least seemingly worldlier. After another year or so she accepted invitations and gave an occasional entertainment in return. Society was soon at her feet. She became the matrimonial Mecca on which many a parent of a spouseless son cast avid eyes. Literally deluged with cards for dinners, balls and every other species of merrymaking she soon made it known that wherever it was her choice to go Grace Pinckney must accompany her. Grace was consequently cultivated as a power behind the throne, a royal favorite. She enjoyed these festal hours far more than did her friend. Their flippancy and aimlessness did not repel her, though at the same time she carried her pretty blond head very securely on her plump shoulders.

"She shines ten times more legitimately than I do, the dear girl," thought Sara. And then a dread came over her. Grace had a handsome fortune nowadays, and the fact that she possessed it had in some covert manner transpired perhaps through those very lawyers who had transmitted

to her Sara's loving gift. "She will be sure to marry and leave me some day," mused the heiress. "And then I shall be so alone! Mrs. Lyndhurst has become only the mere shadow of her old self, and. . . But if Grace wishes to marry a worthy man," these reflections here sternly broke off, "I should despise myself for trying to oppose her."

For herself the very word 'marriage' soon became odious. Men (and some

age and passion for her sense of sincerity and truth not to detect them. Some girls might have been edified by attentions like these even while conscious of their origin, telling themselves that after all personal captivation might have much to do with these frequent unforeseen confessions. Grace even attempted such a line of argument once with her friend but Sara's retort soon took the form of a discouraging frown.



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED FOR HIM LIKE THAT."

times those whom she had decided not just to be gentlemen either) would passionately propose to her after having known her a fortnight or even less. On such occasions it was her wish not to make the unhesitating rejections with which she always met such offers flavor in the least of arrogance or disdain. Still there were moments when she found it hard to refrain from doing so—to refrain as well from letting these suitors know that their mercenary motives could not be smothered adroitly enough in sham hom-

have had the pleasure to realize, Sara."

"Oh yes. And of all the men I have met, Grace, none so favorably impresses me as Hector Stirling."

Grace colored. "He hasn't yet offered himself to you," she said with an extreme lightness of tone and mien. "Perhaps he will some day and then your opinion may change."

"He never will offer himself to me, Grace. He's in love with you."

"O Sara!"

"It's true. And when he asks you to

"No, Grace," she presently said; "my vanity, thank Heaven, has never led me into any fog of self-deception. But many of the men whom I meet are less repulsive in their flatteries than many of the women." Here Sara mentioned several names. "These persons all ring so thoroughly false," she pursued, "and especially when they pretend to take an interest in my charities. They have merely found out that I am concerned in certain new enterprises of building, of improvement, of endowment, and they make this fact a reason for overwhelming me with their sugared praises."

"And yet some of these fine ladies are genuinely charitable as you

marry him I often wonder nowadays what you will say."

"There's no chance of any such event occurring," exclaimed Grace rather excitedly. "And if it should occur, Sara, I'm—I'm not disposed to treat Mr. Stirling's proposition as anything but a kind of joke."

"A joke, Grace? What do you mean?"

"Oh Hector Stirling is such an inveterate gadabout. He's always saying and doing things for the mere careless pastime of the moment."

"Can you really be in earnest? I think him so honest, so delightfully whole-souled."

"Oh that seems to be the prevailing opinion of him," said Grace with unwonted coldness.

It was not only the prevailing opinion but for once it meant an exceedingly just estimate of the man whom Sara and her friend discussed. Hector Stirling came of a good New York family and was rich enough by inheritance to gratify many luxurious and dainty tastes. But his ample bank account had never spoiled him in the dissipated meaning of that word. It was indeed strange how little his command of riches had impaired him at all. Handsome in person, with a tall slender figure and a face as genial of look as it was dark and sensitively refined of outline he had been for several years the object of great social regard. Immensely popular and in a manner the fashion among those sets which he frequented, nobody had ever brought against him the least charge of snobbery or inconstant shallowness. And yet he was what the world called and believed a careless indolent pleasure seeker. He could not help his air of flirting with this or that pretty woman who drifted into his ken. It was precisely the same impulse in a measure which led him to treat with joyous kindness those scores of men whom chance caused him to encounter.

But Grace Pinckney, fascinated by his manly bearing and able intelligence, chose to resent what she called his whimsical frivolous ways. As time went on Sara clearly read Grace's capricious trend. She was no less whimsical and frivolous herself than was this winsome young man who had undoubtedly

touched her heart. But his almost universal cordiality and sweetness toward other women had roused in her a jealous irritation that she seemed vainly to combat.

"You are like ice to me," he murmured one evening in her ear at a great Delmonico ball which hundreds had attended in brave attire and hundreds more had felt keen chagrin at not having the power to attend. It was the last large affair of the season and had come a little while after the supposed penitence and fasting of Lent.

"Ice?" murmured Grace, looking into the dark earnest fascinating countenance bent toward her. "Well you manage to melt so many others that you shouldn't mind if one poor girl does remain even as obdurate as ice."

She left him with her most debonaire smile, slipping an arm into that of the partner who had come to claim her for the imminent cotillon.

Gnawing his lip Hector Stirling turned away. He loved Grace deeply but at that moment he almost vowed he would never speak to her again in the whole course of his life.

Glancing about the ballroom he saw in one corner of it Sara Pomeroy standing with a slightly wearied air amid a throng of male devotees. "Ah," Hector thought bitterly, "it's the influence of her millionaire friend. That girl is of your strong-minded sort, going in for making a huge eleemosynary splurge with her millions. I dare say she'll end by marrying some man almost as rich as herself; they generally do end that way, these phenomenal heiresses. Yes I can thank her for Grace's prejudice against me. Grace is her slave and obeys her nod. Oh what a hateful world it all is! I've a good mind to quit this half of it at least and try another year or two in Europe."

As it turned out, Hector did not go abroad but during the fag end of the dying season he remained stubbornly aloof from all so-termed social enjoyments, dining quietly every night at one of his clubs and spending hours in his pleasant chambers among the books of which he was truly fond and for which Grace had once tauntingly told him that he did not in the least care.

Meanwhile his absence from her side acutely fretted Grace and made her a ready recipient, as the early spring deepened into days that were still more vernal, of a proposal from Sara which in different mood she might have denounced and even sternly rebuffed.

"I am worn out with all the falsity and humbug of my present life," said Sara, "and I should love for a little while to escape it. I've been talking with old Mr. Gascoigne and like a true lawyer he has shown himself the friendly counsellor of his client. He has told me of a charmingly quiet spot on the south side of Long Island. There is an excellent hotel and on its grounds are several cottages. He will rent one of them for me under the name of Miss Brown."

"Miss Brown!" cried Grace. "Good heavens my dear Sara! An alias!"

"An incognito if you please. Mr. Gascoigne says that the hotel though nicely kept is remarkably free from New York people. Its patrons are mostly Brooklyn folk and strangers from places yet more remote. Besides we shall have our meals all served to us privately; we need never cross the lawn to the hotel unless we choose. All my letters will be taken possession of by Mr. Gascoigne and sent me under the superscription of 'Miss Brown.' When people inquire for me (here in Fifth avenue or there at his office in Wall street) they will be told that I have 'gone away.' With this vague but decisive answer they must rest content. . . . You look at me so ruefully, Grace. You op-



"YOU ARE LIKE ICE TO ME."

pose the idea. Mrs. Lyndhurst agrees to it thoroughly; I've just been speaking with her."

"Mrs. Lyndhurst would murmur 'yes' nowadays," replied Grace a little tartly, "if you asked her to sanction your exchanging skirts for trousers."

"Oh no, she wouldn't. But she sees how exquisite the relief will be. For three months I shall quietly pass out of existence and a plain girl named Brown will take my place. You can go to Newport, Lenox or Saratoga on various visits to friends if you so desire; I shall remain under the trees that engirt my little cottage, breathing in the sea breezes and trying to forget that there are such pests in the world as fortune hunters."

Grace here shook her head with melancholy decision. "Where you go I shall go," she announced. "No watering places

for me Sara. I crave repose as much as you do—and I'm as sick of the other sex."

"You've no reason to be, Grace."

"Oh haven't I?"

"Hector Stirling loves you and you love him."

"What a seer you are, Sara!"

"Enough of a seer my dear friend to perceive that you wilfully resent what in Stirling is the mere working out of his individual nature. You can't blame a butterfly for lighting on more flowers than one."

"Your simile is unfortunate for Mr. Stirling," said Grace with delicate irony. "I prefer not to marry a butterfly. As for your proposed retreat of three months it will suit me admirably, dear Sara. I don't care if we live like three nuns."

For a month they almost did live like that. The cottage was only a little stroll from the hotel and completely embowered in those vigorous aromatic pine trees which grow with such splendid thrift on certain portions of the south Long Island coast. By degrees the hotel began to fill up with quiet people whose tastes appeared as simple as their costumes. Nobody seemed to notice Mrs. Lyndhurst and her two young lady charges, Miss Brown and Miss Pinckney; or if any notice drifted toward these secluded cottage dwellers it was only of the most casual kind. People of the hotel had a right to invade their grounds however and this at first rather annoyed and frightened Sara. Complete privacy in the way of meals and freedom from all cares of housekeeping were precious attainments beyond a doubt; but how could even these be reconciled with the publicity now threatened? After a while however, it was discovered that the dwellers in the hotel did not by any means abuse their privilege. No one ever loitered on Sara's part of the big lawn slippery and tawny with fallen pine needles, though now and then groups and pairs would tread it. Occasionally toward the end of June it was haunted and in no unpleasant manner by a gentleman who seemed to Sara possessed of the most interesting and poetic presence. He could not have been over thirty at the utmost; he was excessively blond, save for dark spiritual eyes that glowed all the more dusky against the

ivory-like pallor of his complexion. But in a most pathetic way all his stateliness and distinction were marred by the fact of his being lame and to such a degree that he always walked with a somewhat stout staff for support.

"He reminds me of Byron," said Sara one day to Mrs. Lyndhurst. "I wonder if he is a poet. I mean to ask his name of one of the waiters who bring us our meals. He somehow doesn't look a bit like an American; he has a kind of cosmopolitan air; one doesn't exactly know how to place him."

"Dear, dear!" laughed her old teacher.

"You seem to have done a great deal of mundane observing, my young anchorite, and in a very short lapse of time."

"He tempts observation," said Sara. "Besides I've an idea that he is wretchedly in trouble."

"And you'd like to help him out?" asked Mrs. Lyndhurst with eyes twinkling behind her glasses.

"Oh no, not that. But—please don't tell Grace, Mrs. Lyndhurst! She'd poke no end of fun at me if you did."

Grace soon afterward heard her friend making inquiries of a servant however as to "that lame gentleman's name," and subsequently did poke no end of fun at Sara.

"How delightfully solitude seems to agree with you!" Grace would say.

"It is easy to see that you were never cut out for the society of the opposite sex. Your complete indifference to everybody (and especially when everybody is of the masculine gender) cannot be denied." And then with a very roguish frown, "How dreadful it would be if the dear poetic young gentleman were not lame at all, but had found out just who you are and were weaving some astute little scheme to entrap you, and——"

"O Grace! will you be quiet?" exclaimed her listener desperately. Soon after this Sara learned that the gentleman's name was Congreve and that he was English. It was believed at the hotel that he must be very rich, as he kept a large and handsome yacht moored in the adjacent bay, often taking short cruises with her.

"That's disappointing news for you, Sara," said Grace. "If he's rich he's no longer an object for your compassion."

"You forget his lameness," replied Sara with a serio-comic frown.

"Oh yes, so I do. You can get him a sandal-wood stick studded with diamonds, can't you?"

A day or two later while Grace just at twilight was returning from a walk along the more retired portion of the near shore she perceived two figures advancing toward her on the same road which she had taken just where it plunged among the cloistral pine woods that encompassed the hotel.

Could her eyes be tricking her? It was the same gentleman and at his side who of all people on earth but—Hector Stirling! She felt faint and giddy. . . . When at length she saw Hector's outstretched hand and heard his voice she felt as if the blended pleasure and consternation of the shock might cause her to swoon away. "What—what are you doing down here?" she stammered. And Hector who had turned pale on first seeing her, but was now flushed and sparkling-eyed, answered with a glance toward his companion who had courteously walked on:

"I—I came down to spend a few days with a—with a friend."

She noticed his confusion and traced it to only a single cause—herself.

"You mean with Mr. Congreve?" she queried, making a slight gesture in the lame gentleman's direction.

"Who?" he said, and then as if he suddenly understood: "Oh, ah, yes, . . . with Mr. Congreve. . . . But you!" he went on. "I'd not an idea of finding you here! Are you staying at the hotel?"

"No," replied Grace flurriedly. She was thinking of Sara's alias. It would never do to have him tell this Mr. Congreve who Sara really was. In another minute after swift and intensely feminine reflection she added:

"I'm in one of the cottages with Mrs. Lyndhurst and Sara Pomeroy."

"Really?" he faltered.

"Yes and I want you please to promise me that you will not tell Mr. Congreve anything!"

"Anything!" echoed Hector with a start.

"Oh how dolefully stupid I am!" exclaimed Grace. "I mean nothing." And then she broke into a pathetic little

laugh. "Sara for this summer has chosen to be Miss Brown. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Hector. He was looking at Grace and thinking how adorable she appeared with the twilight breeze from the glimmering sea behind her blowing her gold-tinted hair out of curl.

And then Grace biting her lip at her own embarrassment, explained matters much more lucidly. "Do promise you'll keep the secret until we meet again," she finished earnestly.

"Until we meet again!" repeated Hector with a voice full of feeling. "Yes I promise! I promise faithfully. But meanwhile Miss Grace—"

"There!" she broke in, "that will do now. Go back and rejoin your friend!" She hurried away from him the next instant and left him with no other choice but to rejoin his friend as she had commanded.

When he had obeyed Grace the lame gentleman said to him:

"So you've met a friend in this quiet and rather lonely place, Hector, after all."

"Yes," was the reply.

"She is very pretty," remarked the gentleman. "She is a friend of Miss Brown."

"Miss Brown!" retorted Hector Stirling in an odd voice.

"Yes. She and Miss Brown are in one of the cottages, superintended by a nice-looking elderly lady. And frankly, Hector," here the speaker laid a hand on his fellow pedestrian's arm, "I think that same Miss Brown a girl of great personal attraction."

"Do you indeed?" murmured Hector now quite on his guard and mindful of Grace's fervid admonition. He suddenly burst into one of his mellow laughs, and those mellow laughs of Hector Stirling were always contagious in their ring of lightsome jollity.

"Pray what strikes you as so very droll?" came the question.

"Only this," replied Hector while they walked onward and watched the rippled silver level of the great bay with draperies of tender damask cloud looped against the crystal azure of the offing; "only this, my good friend: that you

of all men on earth should be hidden down here incognito like this just for a whim, a fancy!"

"And why not I, Sterling," came the answer, "as well as any other man on earth?"

There was a touch of irritation, of ennui, in the speaker's tones. Hector at once felt this and with a voice full of courteous gentleness responded:

"Because however modest and unassuming a man may be Reginald Congreve he's duke of Kensington with an immense rent roll and owner of four of the most noble estates in all England."

"Bah," said the young duke as they proceeded in their walk. "I'm simply a very commonplace young Englishman somewhat lame who is out here for a little quiet American sojourn. By the way please tell me more about that Miss Brown—the friend of your friend. She interests me exceedingly. I found out her name through my man Dodson."

II.

Hector Stirling was silent for some little time after he and his friend the duke of Kensington had strolled onward together. He was determined to treat the promise he had given Grace with the utmost loyalty, and so he presently said in as off-hand a tone as recent perturbations would allow him to command:

"Oh Miss Brown is merely a friend of Miss Pinckney—the young lady to whom you just saw me speak. They were schoolmates for years. Miss—a—Brown has quieter tastes than her friend."

"So I supposed," shot in the duke though placidly enough. "And they are both what you would call here in America gentlefolk?"

"Oh yes—yes indeed," replied Hector. He was somehow certain from a peculiar note in his friend's voice that the little word 'both' was wholly an artificial one. What the duke too plainly wanted to find out was a sentence or so of distinct information regarding Sara.

And thereupon Hector conveyed to him an account of 'Miss Brown's' general position and antecedents which was clever because of its noncommittal vagueness.

"I see," said Kensington when he had

finished. "The girl is then a sort of dependent on her two friends who are with her here—old Mrs. Lyndhurst and young Miss Pinckney."

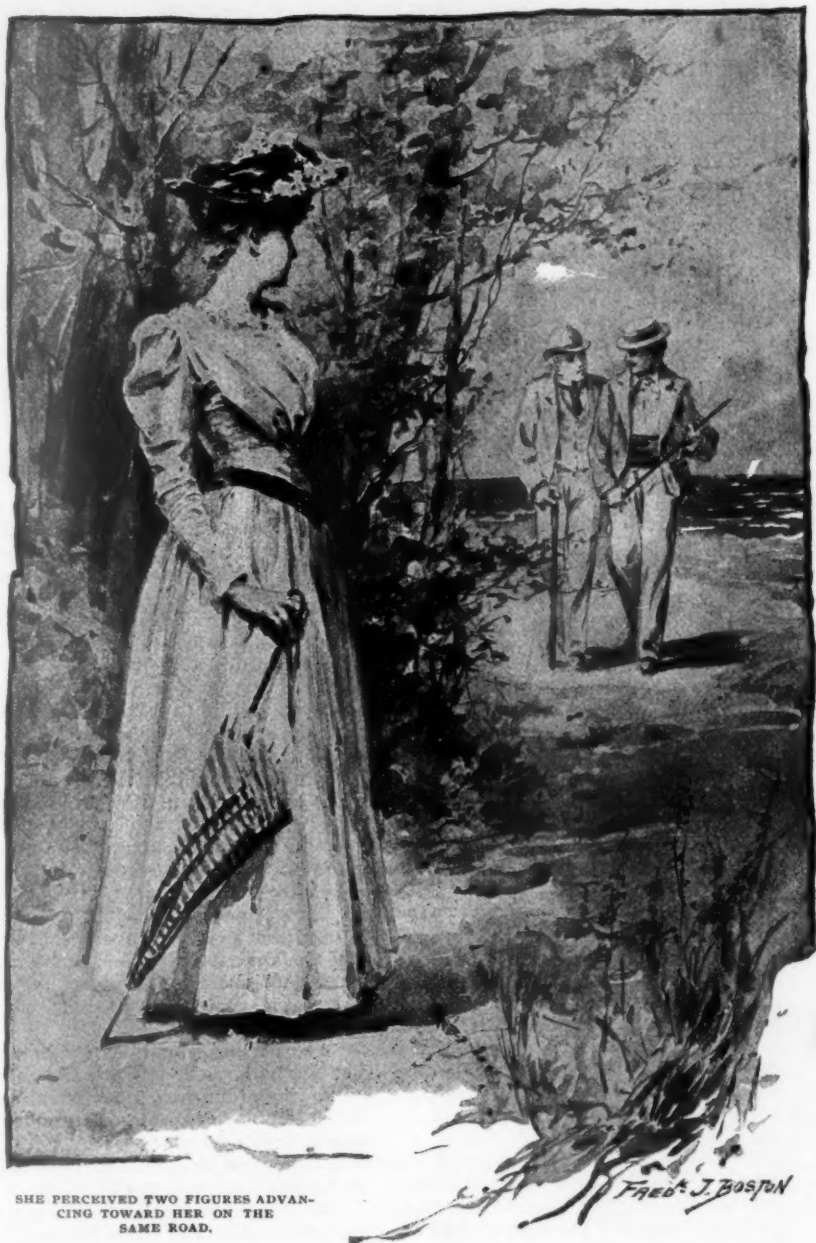
"A dependent!" returned poor Hector smitten with a sense of intolerable falsehood and yet keenly cognizant of his vow to Grace. "Oh no; no indeed! She has—a—she has an income—yes—a—an income of her own. Of course; yes."

"I understand," said the duke. "Enough to live upon."

"Yes," answered Hector as he stooped to pick a spray of sweetfern that grew on the verge of their breezy marine pathway. "Oh! decidedly enough to live upon."

"I'm glad of that," said the young duke of Kensington as if to himself.

Born one of the haughtiest peers of England and inheriting his title and great estates at an early age, this young man had never chosen to accept the kind of prearranged and conventional marriage which his relatives would have politely thrust upon him. His lameness had sown through his spirit a thread of bitterness even during childhood, and though naturally of a cheerful temperament and noble disposition he had often passed for misanthropic among those who judged with random heed the fine-strung mechanism of his personality. When he cut loose from codes that bored him and gave out that he had gone to foreign lands for an indefinite stay, Hector and he had already met in London among certain artistic and intellectual circles which the duke delighted to frequent. On their second meeting which was a mere chance one in Fifth avenue near the hotel whereat Kensington had chosen to stop, the young Englishman frankly told Hector that he had come hither by the way of Japan, California and the west as plain Mr. Reginald Congreve. And then he had added: "Even travel has bored me lately; I've had such an infernal lot of it. My faithful man Dodson has found out a quiet place for me not far from this bustling town, where I can rest a few weeks before getting back to England. I shall have a yacht in the near waters. Dodson has seen to all that, and the air of the place I believe is famous for its refreshing qualities." Then he begged Hector to join him for a few days. "I'll write you" he said,



SHE PERCEIVED TWO FIGURES ADVANCING TOWARD HER ON THE SAME ROAD.

"when everything is ready," and he kept his word. Hector who liked the man as sincerely and unaffectedly as he was liked in return, could not at once respond to this invitation because of certain duties and engagements. But when he finally appeared at Meadowbreeze he received from Kensington a most cordial welcome.

"How very extraordinary!" Sara exclaimed when she had learned from Grace of Hector Stirling's nearness. "And he's a friend you say of that Mr. Congreve?" Here her face momentarily flushed crimson. "O Grace he'll tell him that I—I'm an impostor—that I'm sailing like this under false colors—that— Oh do find him and warn him before it's too late!"

"He's warned already," said Grace. "But upon my word, Sara," she went on, "your anxiety is very acute, all things considered. Why should you care so intensely if a perfect stranger like this Mr. Congreve finds out you've taken a name that doesn't belong to you?"

"He has such a truthful face somehow," faltered Sara.

"Why, has he indeed?" exclaimed Grace. "You must have done a good deal of looking at it! Upon my word I don't know how you managed."

"Oh I've seen it quite often."

"Evidently. And may I inquire how?"

"Sometimes through the window blinds, sometimes through the meshes of my hammock and sometimes (why should I mind telling you?) through the trees."

"The trees!"

"Yes. I've discovered his favorite nook, here on this side of the piazza. And there's a little knoll of trees behind which, as I've also discovered, I—I can stand, Grace, and—"

"You needn't proceed with your explanation Sara. Everything is quite plain I assure you." Here Grace tried to make her sunny brow look like a thundercloud. "Miss Brown," she proceeded, "if you'll allow me to tell you so, I think you're very far gone—very far indeed!"

"Nonsense, Grace. It's the merest idle fancy. Do you believe Hector Stirling will be over tonight? I'm so anxious to see him. And oh! you haven't told me whether you made him give you his sa-

cred promise or not as far as 'Miss Brown' is concerned."

Hector not only called that evening but with him came the duke as well. It was a night of scintillant starshine and crisp salty breezes. Almost before Sara knew it Hector and Grace had drifted off for a stroll under the trees, Mrs. Lyndhurst had complained of feeling chilly and gone inside to seat herself with a book near the sitting-room lamp, while 'Miss Brown' and 'Mr. Congreve' were left together on the almost miniature piazza.

Sara had grown to be terribly ashamed of the 'Miss Brown' by this. The deception had always looked pardonable till now; but now it struck her as little short of repulsive. Still she was destined to forget self-disgust in another feeling of widely different character.

It at once occurred to her that he was even more charming than she had expected to find him. But something in his manner produced a kind of vague disappointment, a sense of indefinite loss. And in him there was effected almost precisely the same result.

"You find Meadowbreeze delightful I suppose, Miss Brown?" he had said.

"Oh charming. Don't you?"

"That depends upon what one considers charming. You're devoted to nature then rather than human nature?"

"The last sometimes tires us," replied Sara; "the first never does."

His answer had in it a chiding tone that both surprised and hurt her; she was so utterly unaccustomed to hear from his sex any except words of devout—and often silly—adulation.

"Excuse me but that sounds very strange from a girl of your evident years. And wouldn't it be a more wholesome apart from a more politic course for you to struggle against so ill-timed a fatigue?"

"Why should you take for granted that I wholly yield to it?" she asked with a ring of imperiousness that almost dismayed him. He was so unused to receiving from women of her age anything except the most sugared and diplomatic utterances.

"Oh," he replied, "because I've seen you loafing about the lawns here so often and not speaking to a soul."



"TRY TO COME UP ON DECK."

"Loafing about the lawns!" broke annoyedly from Sara. That anyone should presume to describe her even in jest with the aid of such a colloquialism seemed scarcely credible. "I'm sorry Mr. Congreve that my behavior has struck you as so unladylike."

"Unladylike!" he echoed. "Oh bless my soul no! We Englishmen have a brutally strange way of talking now and then. Pray don't take offence Miss Brown. But I'm sure you're too nice a girl to be so touchy as that. Frankly I don't like touchy girls a bit."

"Ah!" she said with satire. "I shall endeavor to cultivate a cast-iron amiability—no matter how harshly you try me."

"But I sha'n't try you; I shall be tremendously good to you."

("What familiarity! what condescen-

sion!" she thought but simply stared at him in mild though growing pique.)

"You appear to read a great deal," he went on. "Do tell me what sort of books you care for. Novels, memoirs, history—which is it?"

She named to him several of the books that she had been reading of late. "Why you've a really cultivated mind," he said; "haven't you?"

She flushed but he had not intended the faintest rudeness. He was so used to patronizing people, so many in fact expected patronage from him and were glad to receive it, that such words as these fell with perfect good faith from his lips. And soon he began to speak on literary subjects mentioning three or four of the standard works to which she had just referred. His discourse was a monologue

but not in the least an ostentatious one. He spoke with an accent of true scholarship yet with excellent modesty and tact. Sara listened to his musical voice with such real enjoyment that she forgot (temporarily at least) his remark about her 'cultivated mind.' But later when alone with Grace she remembered it. Grace was hardly in humor to hear her blended eulogies and disparagements however, for she had narrowly escaped another serious quarrel with Hector.

"He had the impudence to tell me," she complained, "that he had been carrying on a sort of platonic flirtation with Mamie Prescott. As if such a thing as a platonic flirtation were possible!"

Yet on the morrow they not only spoke to one another but quarrelled and made up, quarrelled and made up through a space of three good hours. Hector had come over with his friend and they both stayed to luncheon. Meetings of this sort continued for several days. The weather was enchantment—midsummer without a hint of real heat and always the rush of sonorous breezes through the dark majestic pines.

"You are really taken with Miss Brown," said Hector to Kensington one afternoon.

The answer was given somewhat musingly: "She impresses me with her sincerity, her honesty," he at length said. "She's intelligent too—very. But really, Hector, she is rather puffed up with an idea of her own importance."

"And that you deplore in a woman of course?"

"Oh I don't know, I don't know," murmured the young duke. "Honesty and sincerity pardon so much! And then," he pursued with an earnest flash from his expressive dark eyes, "her style, her personnel, pleases me greatly."

Hector pulled his mustache for a moment. "What would your people say," he asked boldly, "if you should make her the duchess of Kensington?"

The duke started. A shade of annoyance crossed his face but a smile quickly followed it. "My people recognize me as the head of the house," he answered. "If I should bring home an American bride it would be quite my own affair I assure you." Then he walked toward the edge of the hotel piazza on which this

brief bit of converse had occurred, and looked up at the limpid blue of the almost cloudless sky.

"There's no sign of a change in the weather," he said. "I hope tomorrow will favor our little yachting trip."

Tomorrow proved blandly propitious. At about eleven o'clock the duke, Hector, Sara and Grace all boarded the beautiful yacht and were borne out over an expanse of shining water where the wind was just vigorous enough to insure delightful sailing. Mrs. Lyndhurst had of course been asked to accompany the party but pleaded a dread of seasickness. "She's one of those unhappy beings," explained Grace, "who can't go to Brooklyn without sensations of 'queerness.'"

Sara was in a distressed and irritated mood that morning. More than once of late she had been on the verge of throwing off her mask (such a slight harmless mask as it had meant after all!) and telling 'Mr. Congreve' just who she was and why she had assumed it. But his incessant mien of superiority had pricked her with subtle darts of annoyance. Not that her egotism had been brought into revolt. She indeed possessed very little egotism in the sense of vanity and self-love. But months of habit had inevitably left their work upon her. She had grown sick and weary of fortune hunters and yet when she now found that a cultured man could talk with her as if she were an extremely ordinary young woman (which she had never secretly dreamed of doubting herself to be) Sara experienced thrills of somewhat savage resentment.

On the side of Kensington there was no 'mien of superiority' really intended. He was piqued and fretted in his way just as Sara was in hers. His nature had become troubled and in a manner clouded by the fact of his lameness, but on this account he had never stood the least chance of slipping into so murky a mental pool as that of misanthropy. He had for some time told himself that it would be sweet to consort for life with a pure woman who could love him at first without the least knowledge of his peculiar and somewhat onerous English rank, and afterward bear the so-termed dignities of this rank in a style which would subject neither her nor himself to a shadow of

unkindly comment. But with him as with Sara deference had distinctly told. He had grown used to it from her sex as she had grown used to it from his. To resent it as mere lip service was one thing; to miss it and find a certain cool hardy defiance in its place was another. He did not blame Sara for treating him as if he were a very usual and ordinary young man; he had too often been visited himself with misgivings, not to say convictions, of this dejecting kind. But her assertiveness, her individualism, pierced him at times with a force of novelty so piquant as to inflict a passing pain. Still all in all his wounds were shallow compared with hers. He was older than she, had seen far more of the world, and in fine he was a man. Sara, a woman and womanly withal to the core of her being, suffered while she resented and resented all the more in illogical feminine way for the very reason that she did suffer.

He went through the cabins and general accommodations of the spacious yacht with her as it sailed forth like a superb bird into the glittering bay. He was very jovial and courteous that morning; her spirits rose; for a moment she forgot herself breathing in the exhilarant air and getting constant glimpses of the radiant encircling horizon.

"It must be charming to own a great yacht like this!" she exclaimed. "I was always fond of the sea. I mean to have one myself. I mean to have one very soon and sail about in it just as you do. . . ."

And there she suddenly paused, not coloring, but paling in a really guilty way. He looked at her with an abrupt keenness.

"Oh," he said, "is that your intention?"

The words were simple enough; he was too thoroughly a gentleman even to hint of the expenditures necessary to maintain a little floating palace like the *Flyaway*. But she not only understood; she inwardly trembled with alarm.

Afterward they sat on deck where he made her exquisitely comfortable in a chaise longue with rugs and cushions, while Hector and Grace began about their tenth quarrel since they had met at Meadowbreeze, and the lovely grace-

ful ship sped full-sail over the sparkling tides.

Grace's voice replete with brisk challenge came to them now and then on the soft pulsations of the wind.

"As if any man who calls himself a gentleman has the right to treat any lady as you say your friend did! I forget his name, but you needn't tell it me again; I don't wish to remember it."

Occasionally Hector's voice could be heard across the clean-swept glistening deck. . . . "You wilfully misunderstand me and it gives you the keenest pleasure to do so. No wonder you like the sea; you know how to be just as cruel!"

"Did you not tell me," said the duke to Sara, "that you lived a less quiet life in New York than here at Meadowbreeze?"

"Oh decidedly."

"Then you have a great many friends there in town?"

"What shall I say? How shall I answer him?" she thought. Then aloud: "One always has friends in large cities; don't you think so? Have not you for example lots of friends in London?"

"I am not often in London," he said a little coldly.

"No. But you—you don't seem at all like a person who lives in the country."

The duke laughed, throwing back his head with a great zest in his own mirth. Sara felt vexed. Here was his old patronizing demeanor again, only with its form a little altered, "It's very pleasant," she said stiffly, "to contribute so to your amusement—and especially when I am enjoying the hospitalities of your yacht."

"Do excuse me, please," he said with sobering face. "But it had such an odd sound to hear you speak of one as if one must be a clodhopper because of living in the country. Why lots of us over there never go up to London at all except for a month or two in the season."

"I remember," said Sara, "you told me that you were not 'in trade' as you Englishmen call it."

"Bless me, no—I'm not in trade," he broke out; and then so quickly that it could not very well be called an afterthought he added, "but I have great respect for trade nevertheless."

"Is yours——" began Sara; then she hesitated, glanced sideways over the gunwale for an instant and finally recommenced, "is yours one of those very old English families, Mr. Congreve?"

"Well," he said looking down, "we trace back a good bit. Yes, yes—quite so. I mean for several generations." (Inwardly he thought all this delicious, for apart from his dukedom which was comparatively modern he was earl of Brecknock and baron l'Estrange, and almost any London sweep would have stared at you in derision if you had asked him whether the Congreves were an 'old family' or not.)

"Several generations," repeated Sara with demure mischief. "Oh that's hardly anything for England is it? And have you—ah—have you a title in your family?"

"How immensely American that is!" said Kensington with a curtness that made her nerves tingle.

"American!" she flashed, bristling. "It's not by any means American to have titles in one's family as I'm very glad I can assert."

"Oh I didn't mean that," he replied. "But it's very American to ask about titles and set great store by them. You must admit that it is."

"I don't admit so at all," protested Sara. "We Americans may ask about them from a perfectly natural curiosity; but it is you and not we who set great store by them."

She spoke with strong heat, and his answer came very promptly, full of the gentlest suavity.

"Then I was wrong. Of course you know more about your country than I can possibly know. One is bound to get queer and often foolish impressions in foreign lands; volumes might be written on the stupidities of tourists."

"And the falsehoods," added Sara. "For not seldom are they falsehoods as I'm sure you'll concede."

"Indeed they are!" Leaning a little closer to her he fixed his dark magnetic eyes upon her face. "And you hate everything that resembles falsehood, do you not?" he questioned.

"How—how do you know that?" she demanded, confused, abashed, covertly palpitating.

He did not seem to notice that she was in the least agitated. "How do I know it?" he said with a most kindly and dulcet intonation. "Ah I see it in those good trustworthy brown eyes of yours! And then we've got to be such acquaintances—friends too, I hope."

What would he say about her hatred of falsehood if he knew the masquerade she had been playing? She drooped her eyes and tried to think what answer she should now make him, while he toyed with the fringe of her chair shawl, his face close to hers. "How," she suddenly asked herself, "if I should confess everything to him here and now?"

But just then she became conscious that the vessel was rocking and tossing rather severely and that a sudden increase of wind had quite changed the whole look of the bay. In a little while matters grew worse, and all Grace's vaunted scorn of seasickness weakly fled. She was supported below, and there attended with all possible care by Sara and some of the servants on the ship. Neither Hector nor Kensington would she permit to approach her while lying prostrated by nausea and dizziness. But a little later when surcease in the windy flurry had resulted from the approach of the yacht toward Meadowbreeze (this feat being brought about by frequent tacklings and a general reefing of the taut speckless canvas) Grace decided that she was well enough to receive 'the gentlemen.' They came in and stood beside her where she lay pale and exceedingly pretty on one of the comfortable lounges of the main cabin.

"Your troubles will soon be over, Miss Pinckney," said Kensington. "We're getting into calmer water every minute."

"I'm so dreadfully sorry," Hector almost whispered, and then in a still lower tone which he may perhaps fondly have fancied that none save himself and Grace heard he went on: "I—I should never have said what I did say just before you were taken ill. Won't you accept my apology? Please do."

But Grace growing convalescent revealed oddly hysterical symptoms.

"No," she said aloud, "I won't be nice to you. I don't intend to be nice to anybody."

Sara who had not felt the least qualm

of seasickness, drew near to her. "My dear Grace," she half whispered, "you really are a good deal better and the yacht isn't rolling half as much as she did. Try to come up on deck. But before you go, take another whiff of your smelling salts."

"No!" shouted poor unnerved Grace in a mood betwixt laughing and crying. "I don't want smelling salts. I'm mortified to death at behaving like this. If some other girl had only done it too! But there are you, Sara Pomeroy, looking as fresh as a rose while I——"

She paused. "All her hysteria vanished on the instant. She knew that her words had been very loud and distinct. She knew that the 'Sara Pomeroy' could not have failed to smite the ear of their host, and loving Sara as she did—realizing from previous mutual chats with her friend that the alias of 'Brown' had become hateful—she now lifted herself from her cushions and said what was perhaps the most impolitic thing she could possibly have hit upon.

"O Sara I'm so sorry to have spoken your real name. I—I——"

"Grace! Grace!" cried Sara springing toward her.

There was silence in the little cabin for several seconds. The duke turned pale and looked steadily at Sara who had hurried toward the doorway.

"Let me explain to you," began Hector but his friend would not listen to him. He followed Sara who now disappeared, seeking the deck. Hector controlled a desire to pursue the duke. Such control was not difficult with him. Grace looked so interesting in her half-recumbent posture with the lovely color coming back into her cheeks and the sense of repentant self-accusation humbly enkindling her eyes that Hector dropped on his knees at her side.

They made up all their quarrels then and there; that is their reconciliation cannot be doubted since they soon afterward became publicly engaged.

The duke had meanwhile joined Sara on the deck. "So your name is not Miss Brown," he said not rudely but with a pang of excessive reproach in his tones.

She was staring toward the shores of Meadowbreeze whose dusky forest of pines looked like a sombre cloud fallen

from heaven upon the dim green stretches of the shore.

"No," she answered, "you heard my name. It is Sara Pomeroy."

He made no answer. She did not turn and look at him though she felt that he had drawn very close to her and she could hear his breathing as it came almost stertorous from his drawn lips.

"I should have told you when we first met," she went on. "I came here for rest and relaxation and I did so foolish a thing as to change my name to 'Miss Brown.' There's nothing actually wrong you know. My real name is Sara Pomeroy. I had been perfectly obscure there at the cottage until Mr. Stirling brought you to see us."

She waited for his voice, and when it came it was full of accusatory sadness:

"And you could do such a thing as this—you could assume a name that did not belong to you! I thought you the very soul of honesty and straightforwardness. Who then are you my dear young lady?" And an accent of great bitterness went with this query. "Has Sara Pomeroy, as your friend just called you, committed any wicked act that she should wish to conceal her rightful name?"

Sara's eyes glittered as she turned and faced him. "What concern is it of yours," she exclaimed, "to assail me with a question like that?"

"What concern of mine!" he said rather sadly than impetuously and yet with a mingling of both moods. "Why my dear girl it is because I love you and because I wanted to make you my wife."

She met his gaze with unflinching calm. "You love me and you wanted to make me——" Her voice failed her for an instant. "But you do not want to make me your wife now!" she finished.

"Ah," he dissented seizing her hand, "I didn't say that! I love you." (And his voice suddenly grew very sweet yet very grave.) "I want to learn just who you really are! I thought I had learned. Will you not tell me frankly—very frankly?"

Those tender tones completely conquered Sara. She did not know how droll she was when she broke forth into this idiotic strain:

"I'm nobody. My mother and father

were nobodies. My uncle, an immensely rich person, left me a huge fortune. . . . And then after a few more moments, once more she became the usual sane sensible Sara. "I've deceived you horribly," she said and at once proceeded to tell him everything in the clearest and most unvarnished speech broken a little now and then by such tremors as would intrude into her eager yet restrained voice.

Kensington drew back and regarded her with silent amazement. The heiress of ten millions! He did not want another thousand pounds. His money, his estates burdened him already. And this girl had been so wearied of the great élan which her fortune gave her as to come here and play the recluse at a place like Meadowbreeze! How many hundreds of other girls thus petted by fate would have acted in a totally different way! Scores of hints and hesitations from his friend Hector (whether conscious or undeliberated) recurred to him now in a swift reflective interval.

But Sara had no sooner finished her quaint confession than Grace and Hector appeared arm in arm on deck. The yacht had reached her regular moorings; the small boat was being prepared. Grace seemed penitent and very taciturn.

Dodson the duke's trusted man met him as the party disembarked at the trim little dock which fronted the shore opposite the hotel. Dodson was the pink of English body servants, clean-shorn except for a vague wisp of whisker below either temple. Usually his manner was the ideal of reticence; but perturbed at the idea that his master had not brought with him a strong enough cane, he put forth another considerably stouter, saying in a voice of extreme respect and yet gentle exaction:

"Here, your grace; this is much better. I beg your grace's pardon—I've been so worried. You should never have gone a-yachtin' with so slim a stick as the one you took."

Kensington flung aside his own cane and accepted that which Dodson had just offered him. He walked at Sara's side for a few seconds expecting her to speak and presently she did so. Like many another American girl Sara knew English titles and their import from 'sir' to 'majesty.'

"That man was your servant, was he not?" she asked.

"Yes."

"He addressed you in a very strange way."

"Yes."

"He spoke to you as if you were—well not Mr. Congreve."

The duke nodded, coloring.

"Then you are not Mr. Congreve," exclaimed Sara confronting him with a great disarray and a still greater exultation.

"No. I am Reginald Congreve, duke of Kensington."

Just then Hector and Grace both looking very happy came and joined them from behind.

Grace gazed keenly for an instant at Sara. "You're distressed!" she cried. "Something hateful has been said to you!" And she threw her arms about Sara's neck.

But Sara gave no like emotional response. Her eyes turned toward Kensington as she said:

"I have just been rebuked as an impostor. Yet my accuser, by his own declaration is no less guilty than I."

"What do you mean?" cried Grace dropping her arms from Sara's neck.

Hector caught both her hands in his and spoke volubly yet inaudibly for many moments. Meanwhile 'Mr. Congreve' chose to speak with Sara. At first she seemed angrily implacable; but soon she said to him with a look of splendid vengeance:

"So you concede after all that 'Mr. Congreve' has dealt quite as greatly in falsehood as has 'Miss Brown'?"

"Yes—yes. Dodson became my conscience and assured me of the fact. I'd forgotten what a wretched fraud I was all the time I presumed to accuse you!"

"And so," said Sara, "you are really the duke of Kensington?"

"Yes," he answered with intentional loudness as Grace and Hector drew nearer. "And will you be the duchess of Kensington?"

"Yes! she will!" cried Grace who had caught those last words. "She adores you! Don't you dare say you don't, Sara! And oh it's all too glorious! What a match!" She turned and

appealed to Hector. "Isn't it?" she gayly shouted.

"Isn't it what?" asked Hector. "I don't see why it's any more 'glorious' than the match between you and me." And he boldly snatched a kiss.

"It isn't even an engagement yet," said the duke looking steadily at Sara. "I haven't yet been accepted."

"Oh but you will be!" exclaimed Grace as she took Hector's arm and hurried him up toward the hotel through a roadway bordered with lustrous marsh grass and clusters of hardy wild flow-

ers. "Remember what I say," she went on, looking backward over her shoulder. "She adores you; and if you don't make her the duchess of Kensington it will be entirely your own fault."

Hector and Grace reached the hotel grounds a good while before Sara and the duke. When these two presented themselves among the gloomful and sweet-smelling pines they both wore that mysterious though tell-tale demeanor which alike baffles inquiry and satisfies curiosity.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF TO FAME.

BY EDWIN ROYLE.

"Oh call my name!
While I am waiting, the elusive years
Melt into ether of eternity.
Oh call my name!
And hope is pale, and sweet and luring dreams
Are mocking with their frail and fleeting forms.
Oh call my name!
I've housed me with the great ones of the earth,
And speak their tongue and know their blood is mine.
With their great names, familiar to thy lips,
Oh link my name!
I've piped, but no one dances to my notes;
I've sung, but no one answers to my strain.
No heart has felt the beating of my heart,
No ear has heard the cries that rend my soul.
My song that rose triumphant to the stars
And bore my speechless longings on its wings—
The mad wild throbbing song of nature's child—
That song is still and hushed forevermore!
The softest sweetest of harmonious sounds—
The plash of rain, the purring words of love,
The rich low melodies of trees and brooks—
They too are gone and left me quite alone!
My ear is dulled to every voice but thine.
Oh call my name!
The hand held high for thy bright shining gift
Is trembling, pale and thin with ardent reach.
Hold it not back; the light of other worlds
Is shining through its mortal filaments.
Oh call my name!
Oh haste! I hear another call my name;
To leave this splendid struggle just begun—
Life beautiful with hope and youth divine,
Quick! quick! my name!"

* * * * *

The stern lips opened to pronounce her name,
But death, who tarries not, stayed not for fame!

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

TWO statesmen whose faculties are so rarely combined that the easiest characterization of them is that they are men of genius have since our latest review of current events, disturbed the monotony of the regular course of proceedings in the affairs of the nations of the earth—James G. Blaine secretary of state, and Lord Salisbury premier of the British empire.

Mr. Blaine varied the current of thought and the course of debate on the revision of the tariff after the McKinley bill passed the House, by the striking suggestion that the sugar duties should not be removed as proposed until the extent to which a policy of reciprocity of trade might be caused to prevail should be ascertained. This was not interference with legislation on the lines of protection but a proposal to reserve for further consideration the most important article on the free list. This was of first-rate importance, because it meant at once retirement from the programme of cutting down the revenue, and the most positive invitation that could be extended the republics of Central and Southern America to enter into reciprocal commercial relations with ourselves, and take a long step toward the inauguration of a community of interests between the peoples of the American continents, now with the exception of the dominion of Canada free from what President Washington might have designated 'entangling alliances' with the powers of Europe.

One thing at least Mr. Blaine has secured for his pan-American policy in this connection—a closer attention to and clearer understanding by the people at large, of the scope of statesmanship that embraces the new world and the serious assurance that it is not wholly sentimental or merely visionary but is hand-to-hand fraternity and significant of material business.

There is something more than the thought that we should hold fast our duties on sugar that those who favor us may be favored in turn, for between the lines is the hint of the fact that need not

be very prominent but must not be overlooked, that we could do better with our overflowing treasury than to check the golden torrents, taking advantage of a situation so extraordinary to apply the surplus to the construction of a navy that would give weight to our opinions when they applied abroad, and emphasize the good-will we might put into our international courtesies, and by granting subsidies to lines of steamers connecting our ports with those included in our enterprises of reciprocity. Altogether this is a greater Americanism and defines for ourselves a more imposing nationality than we have become accustomed to regard as within the reach of the sails or the steam of commerce, or as the appropriate expansion of our manifest destiny.

We have mentioned Mr. Blaine in this as if he stood alone in it, and it is his right to take the first place for he entered upon the work during the administration of President Garfield whose assassination interrupted the procession of the orderly and logical events, resumed when Blaine came again with Harrison, and now gradually appearing but still imperfectly appreciated. President Harrison has given his approbation to the American hemisphere polity with cordial earnestness; and the writer happens to know that no smaller matter was the burden of the correspondence between Harrison and Blaine when the one tendered and the other accepted the secretaryship of state than this elevated theme, and that there was then apparent the cordial agreement that has since been clear in harmony of views and unqualified co-operation.

Lord Salisbury has given up to Germany a rock in the North Sea whose inhabitants are German and whose associations would naturally be so and are, but for some silly conceit of selfish advantage, and secured the protectorate of Zanzibar while making a partition of Africa, that settles disputes and secures colonial facilities for both nations. These are the externals—the disposition of a lonely rock in a stormy sea, the division of im-

measurable lands dark with barbarism. The greater affair is the firm understanding of Germany and England which has been somewhat fretfully tampered with, because Germany seeks the friendliness of Russia, and England regards herself and the great northern power as enemies in Asia.

Germany and England with the greatest army and the greatest navy in the world are so close together that in an emergency their united voice might speak the word of highest authority, in the cause of civilization opposed to the waste of war. It is not likely this union of the chief naval and military powers will ever mean that they shall be one in operations by land and sea, but it is worth while to contemplate what they could do with their ships and men.

A German mass of 200,000 men could be sent on a fortnight's notice an expeditionary force to the ends of the earth. Suppose the world on fire in war and the requirement that an army should be despatched on shipboard to Asia or America. All the steamship lines of England and Germany with troop ships and war vessels could be gathered, loaded and forwarded with a celerity and safety and certainty that not long ago would have been incredible and incomprehensible.

One can hardly conceive the possibility of such adventures for there are no international complications on so vast a scale as to warrant them, and yet there has been a singular drift together of Russia and France; and the situation of Germany between them with the uncertain powers of Austria and Italy hanging on the horizon perhaps infirm of purpose, while the east is always explosive, and a storm that may rage across Europe hovers over the Balkans command precautions.

The common sense of danger of Germany and England with the feeling of kindliness cultivated between them, and mutual interests in the dark continent may and in all probability will, serve as the influence to preserve the peace that the Asiatic empire and the European republic would threaten. In the light of such contingencies the cession of Heligoland becomes an incident that though in itself trivial may have influences wide as the world and change the ocean streams of history.

THE suggestion that it might be well in order to end the mysteries and the miseries of the municipal government of New York by the construction on Staten Island of a city with all the modern improvements, to be controlled by the stockholders in the enterprise has been received with a good deal of favor, but of course regarded as humorous and visionary. There is something serious in it. New York city is in a state of congestion. There are about as many people on the island as can be handled and more are coming. All means of transit are crowded and hindered and the essential things to provide for growth are not done. Within a few weeks there have been explosions in the lower part of the city, startling in themselves and disclosing a state of affairs that may be fairly described as volcanic. The worst trouble is subterranean. When under a pavement there are waterpipes, sewers, gaspipes, pneumatic tubes, subways for wires telegraphic, telephonic and lighting, and steampipes, the complication is one that would task the greatest skill and be a problem of extreme difficulty for the most consummate engineering, and it is almost too much to say there are any plans at all adapted to the situation, while the work is done in a shiftless manner.

The heat from the steampipes causes the temperature of the sewers to rise almost to that of boiling water, engendering the most deadly gases and affecting the joints of water- and gas-pipes that there may be waterspouts and explosions. If the manifestations of mischief are not equal to blowing up the streets the ground is saturated with gas and sewage and the terrible heat raises a vapor most offensive; and in hot weather the conditions are altogether horrible. Efforts to do anything equal to the occasion seem to be futile. Each of the owners of facilities underground holds assiduously to his rights; and the general result is, where all the conveniences are to be found, chaos is come; and that barbarism would be better than such civilization is a distinct lesson. What indeed can be done? The pavements are ruined by tearing them up and putting them down incessantly. Many of the streets have for years frequently been impassable, and the more

improving and repairing the deeper the muddle and the more impossible everything becomes. If there is an intelligent system in anything that has been done the evidence is among the things unseen.

We approach the time when the most feasible method of escape from the city must be considered. If the town was to build we should know how to do it; that is we could at least fix the sewers so that they would not poison the earth. The water pipes should be safely placed, not exposed to undermining or steamheating—for it is not boiled water the people want. The gas must be distributed through mains so solid and well supported that the loss would be imperceptible to the senses, and must not be superheated by steam pipes. The diffusion of steam should be through separate subways so that the process of steamheating the town will not come among the dogdays, while there should be abundant channels for wires of all sorts so placed that inspection could be made readily and imperfections repaired. Pavements are not to be put down until the subterranean works are completed, and then placed to stay. It is the hopelessness of doing this in the old city without making revolutionary changes that recommends the trial of a new town, and Staten Island is the most eligible place.

The island contains over fifty square miles, it is close to deep water, has immense and admirable harbor advantages and the privilege of constructing piers in shallow water to reach the deep will not always be denied. Much of the island might be made available by the billionaire syndicate for a new city—which could be made the ideal of cities—first the streets prepared with sufficient subways for steam, gas, water, drainage, wires of all sorts and tubes for the delivery of parcels by the force of air. Each house might be a town built to stand forever, with all the scientific appliances for ventilation and illumination, heating, water supply, speaking tubes, postal and telegraphic and telephonic communication, wires running to every room! At least 2,000,000 persons could be provided for in a smaller space than ever held so many human beings and yet celebrated as the most comfortable of mankind. The corporation would run the town,

charge not more for rent including everything than two or three per cent. on the investment and take charge of the whole machinery of the municipality, that the people at large should have nothing to do but be happy at home, mind their own business abroad and vote for state and national officers according to their politics.

There would seem to be advantages in undertaking such an experiment, but it is not worth doing except on a colossal scale while the subways of New York have become volcanic and the pavements are the worst in the world and growing worse. There is a demand for 'rapid transit' that cannot be supplied save by changes so radical and expensive that the details of the scheme and the estimates of cost would appall the stoutest taxpayer.

There seems to be one chance for the city, and that is to make sufficient use of Broadway which has fortunately been in a general way preserved from insurmountable obstruction. A few years ago this great community was almost distracted by the putting down of a line of rails for streetcars in Broadway. It was highly necessary that this should be done for the old street was becoming antiquated in more than one sense. The builders of the road, the proprietors and capitalists behind it, complied with the conditions upon which such enterprises are carried on and the people have not recovered from the shock. The city can be saved by taking Broadway from end to end and beginning at the lower part, carrying on the work consecutively at the utmost speed with gangs of men occupying the whole twenty-four hours, for in such a work time is mightily money. The first thing to do is to make a deep incision as the surgeons would say—an excavation—ample for underground works equal to the sewers of Paris in that respect. These must be thoroughly studied and constructed to endure for all time. Upon them should be erected a double-track two-story elevated railroad of massive steel, the lower story for local traffic and the upper for through trains not to stop oftener than once in two miles. This should afford the city relief, and the Staten Island removal not then absolutely necessary might be indefinitely postponed.

Two more states have been added to the Union making the number forty-four. President Harrison has had the unprecedented fortune of completing with his signature the forms of the admission of six states. There is in this a change in political conditions. The six new states will make the senate of the United States republican beyond all contingencies for the next ten years or to the close of the century. If the republican party do not have the complete law-making power after the present congress, they are sure of a veto in the senate on all democratic measures for the two administrations succeeding that of Harrison, or until 1900.

There can be no doubt that this will have a considerable influence on party activity and political development. The immediate effect is to diminish the potency of the southern states which show a solid democratic front. The new states are representative of the superior growth of the northern regions of the United States, and they destroy forever the balance of power between sections to which has been devoted so much of the distinguished statesmanship of our country. Another thing the new states will promote for the time being, but not we trust and believe in an offensive form—western or rather northwestern sectionalism; and the imperial state of New York will not be regarded as so absolute as heretofore. Twelve senators and fifteen representatives at once added will make a show of potency in the national conventions of the future to be immediately recognized. Not only will the southern balance of power pass away the more conspicuously because the south is consolidated but New England fades a little and the states grouped about the city of New York, and even Ohio and Indiana, feel the shock. The new states do something for the symmetry of the nation. The admission of Idaho completed the arch of states between the oceans. The whole territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific is compact with states, and Idaho not Pennsylvania is the keystone. It is a fine geographical expression that the states span the continent from Maine to Washington, and cover the Pacific as the Atlantic coast. The probability is—as Utah is so Mormon, New Mexico so Mex-

ican and Arizona so barren, and republican partisan expediency will not permit the division of enormous Texas—there will not be more new states for many years.

* * *

COINCIDENT with the general interest in the subject of cheap bathing and ample provision for public cleanliness, aroused by the suggestions in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, that have taken the form of an organization to press the subject, is the completion of one of the most important of the public works of New York—the new aqueduct and its generous service in pouring an ample supply of pure water into the city. The great work was associated with much that was unpleasant with respect to the performances of contractors, the incidents of extravagance and imperfection consequent upon the corruption which enters as by hydraulic pressure, forcible in proportion to the size of the town, into municipal government. But money and energy have told, and the press has subjected the construction to a fierce light that has constrained a tolerable compliance with agreements. Fiery treatment by the press began early and must be credited with the degree in which the metropolis has escaped the exactions of public robbers who find, in an enterprise that cannot be executed without heavy expenditures for a series of years, a bonanza, and are accustomed to bid defiance to the processes of the law and disregard the commands of legal authority.

The new work does not display much architecture that is spectacular. It has a way of going under rather than over things, and the opening has been like the structure, inconspicuous. The announcement was made, a small party invited, a knob turned by the mayor and the new supply of water was on. There may some time be impressive ceremonials with oratorical accompaniments, but they are reserved, and the literature has been furnished by the press whose care abides with what its criticism protected.

New York unfortunate in details of management has had the eminent good fortune to be handled from the first by those who had understanding of her greatness and supplied her accordingly, not always without liberal allowances for

themselves regardless of cost. This has been so from the projection of the Erie canal to the finish of the new aqueduct. The day when after long delays and many troubles the additional Croton was turned on was one of scorching heat. The water was low in the reservoirs and the dust in the parched streets testified to both dirt and drought. It was a comfort to know there was plenty of water coming and the people have read with a feeling that they possessed treasures precious beyond measure or estimate, of the filling of the reservoirs.

Whether New York will have, some time, to supplement the Croton river and take from Niagara, is a question that may be debated at leisure. There will not be famishing for lack of water in many years. Few cities are as fortunate in this as New York. Certainly London, Paris, Berlin, Chicago and Philadelphia are by no means as handsomely provided. Each year the problem of finding pure water for cities becomes more serious. The great trouble is the habit of draining all the sewers into running streams which is a double disadvantage and abomination, as it wastes an incalculable value in fertilizers and pollutes the living waters. The process begins with the villages at the springs and the largest cities are the greatest nuisances.

The water supply of which New York can now boast will give her an attraction, and an assurance of one of the conditions of healthfulness that must increase the pressure of the inroad upon her available territory and perhaps defend her from the encroachments of the extraordinary advantages of Staten Island which, we fear, if it should be burdened with a model city, would have to seek water in some other quarter than New Jersey that has hardly enough for her own accumulating swarms of people. There will have to be a revolution in the country with respect to the disposition of drainage as well as the cultivation of grasses and forests, or the rivers will not only be destroyed by the rapid and destructive alternations between the extreme high and low stages but tainted until they will not be tolerable as supplies for the cities. It is a mistake to suppose that limpid water is necessarily pure. The most deadly poisons do not manifest them-

selves by discoloration, though it is not long since the notion that clear water was good was dislodged from the public mind. Another illusion was that freezing was purification—that ice must be wholesome. Now it is known that ice preserves impurities and discharges them in full virulence as it melts, becoming the prolific source of fatal fevers and containing the promise of the plague. The people of the United States are bound to protect their rivers, and not one in America unless it be the Schuylkill needs it more than the Hudson contaminated by a dozen cities, and the great source of the ice supply of New York. The shocking combination is visible to the naked eye in the sewers pouring into the stream whose shores are lined with icehouses.

An enlightened indignant and avenging public opinion must be cultivated on this subject; and now that New York has an exceptionally good and copious water supply, there should be no delay in opening a crusade for pure ice; and the press can find no theme more instructive and concerning which general information needs to be conveyed through irritation. If it were not for the purifying tide the city of New York and its multitudinous surroundings would become impossible. Up and down forever, through all the channels from the sea, the marvelous bays and rivers that provide for the great city, flow the prodigious ocean currents whose volumes come as pure as they were at creation's dawn loaded with the bounteous purifier and preservative salt, and bearing away the contaminations of the shore to be lost in the deep. Thus the city takes her daily foot bath, and the poisons that would engender contagions are carried off; and with the sea water come the sea airs fanning the fevers away.

Unquestionably the excellent gift of water just bestowed upon the city—it all amounts to turning a beautiful river into the streets and houses—should be utilized in baths for the million, and there is no subject more pertinent or that ought to be more fascinating for those who have public spirit and a realizing sense of the righteousness that is exalted, in the public works that bestow upon the poor the chance of the luxury of personal purification.

ADMIRERS of Bismarck, regarding his greatness one of the possessions of the age, held that so eminent as the builder of the German empire was his work, that he could well afford to leave the harassing cares of official duty to others, content to walk in the fields and groves, and renew his familiarity with nature before returning to dust. Why should he an old man be fretted with the ragged edges of affairs when he was the architect of the power that dominates Europe and all the world knows that it originated and was fashioned in his brain? Others could see that the end of his career had come when the old emperor died, and the true test of the stability of that accomplished was that it should stand when his hands were relaxed.

The brief reign of the stricken Frederick did not change the situation nor did the temporary enthusiasm of the young emperor in behalf of the old chancellor. It would have been a marvel if the same man could have been the masterful counsellor, the dictator under the veil of politeness, of an emperor aged ninety and, after the episode of the passing of Frederick, of an emperor of thirty trained from his cradle to believe in his divine right and supreme responsibility. There was no avoiding the clash that soon came. The young emperor takes himself most seriously and has the capacity as man and monarch to constrain others to do so. It seems to have been an error in Bismarck not to see that the young man was not a boy, and not to have made the allowances that a vast experience might have suggested, for imperial ardor in the first experience of the intoxication natural to youth that inherits glory and dominion.

The most considerate spectators of all the world looking on have felt that when Bismarck and the young emperor separated, the dignity of both demanded that there should be no scenes, that all the formalities of the profoundest respect should be scrupulously observed, that if there was a sharp difference in judgment and a feeling that all was not as it should be, it was not the time for talk and the gratification of the purveyors of gossip and the exultation of common enemies. But the history of Bismarck taking leave of official life has been made known without reserve. The young emperor gave

heed to the counsels of one of his old teachers about socialism and the treatment of social questions; and the 'iron chancellor' despised both the schoolmaster and his specifics and was hostile. Since he became a private citizen he has not hesitated to talk even of the details of the preparation of imperial papers, and he makes so much use of the newspapers that he may be said to have become a journalist.

The emperor was not disposed to yield in trying his first remedy for public ill and the chancellor was led to tender his resignation which was his way of overcoming William I. Now William II. was willing to accept the resignation and having made up his mind to that effect was anxious for it and then not slow to inquire whether Bismarck was prepared to hasten his departure. It was this impetuosity that warranted Bismarck in declaring he had been dismissed. It would have been the better way to have said nothing. It has been painful to see the mighty man complaining and accepting the attitude of one dealt with unfairly. He has not appreciated it would seem, his own position. What did it matter whether the emperor said a few words more or less in connection with some theme about which he had not perhaps been fully instructed? Bismarck is alone in history. The fact that things go on without him is but the loftier testimony of the completeness of his incomparable achievement. The strong thing for him would have been never to say a word about his going. What was the wagging of tongues and heads to him—standing head and shoulders above all? The Bismarck characteristics appear in many things he says and all is interesting. We see in his newspaper interviews the same surprising candor that was the mystery and the force of his diplomacy, but we would rather not see it in such an association, for the tone is that of disappointment and irritation; and however attractive the grand old man is as an object of study and whatever the world may gain from his close communion with the people when the throne has ceased to be at his command, his highest fame required when he made his bow to the young man for whom he made the empire, that the rest should be silence.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



EDUCATION OF THE CITIZEN.

A GOOD deal is said both timely and wise as to the importance of careful training in the principles and science of American government. Of course everything depends on such conditions,—that elections shall be directed and administrations shall be ruled by eternal principles rather than by personal or temporary whims. If this is to be so—if these principles are to rule—the people must know its own history, and must be trained to consider what has failed and what has succeeded in its own past political experience. There is no need for repeating the same crises—whether of currency, of tariff or of state rights—once in every thirty years, merely because a new generation has come upon the stage.

Naturally therefore the demand is very freely made for more and better education in politics, in the science of government and in the principles of social order, than that given by the stump or by the newspapers. It is the fashion of the moment to demand this better education from the schools and colleges. The commencement oratory loves to dwell on the place of the scholar in politics; and it shows truly enough how there is no liberal education which does not include the study of the rights of men and does not quicken the student to do his share in maintaining them. As for the schools, there was never such abundance as now of textbooks on government. They are of all sorts—as

bad as can be made and as good as can be made. This appears from a very able report on them—invaluable for teachers—which has been made by a competent committee of the Massachusetts Citizenship society. Bad or good, I am afraid that none of them sell with such success as to enrich the publishers. I do not believe that the school authorities find much time for such studies of the detail of administration, in the courses—crowded as they are—of the existing public-school system.

* * *

The truth is that something more than a catechism study of the detail of the method of our government is needed. And even such a study of detail will never be attempted heartily, unless the enthusiasm of the people—men, women and children—is behind the study. It is wisely said that we have no such political education as is given by one enthusiastic campaign, when the great body of men are enough excited to attend not simply to caucus plans but to the principles at issue in the discussion. If by ill-luck there are no principles at issue, a canvass and election teach nothing and on the other hand they sicken thoughtful people of the whole affair.

In such a canvass of enthusiasm the newspaper press and the stump are at their best, and become important educators of the mind and conscience of the

people. And it would be well if the commencement orators, who are a little apt to think that nothing is learned excepting from a textbook or in a recitation room, would pay more attention to the great 'Seminars' in which all the people is taught so much by the great debates in its own popular meeting or in the street-car discussions of an intelligent canvass.

The great 'silver' debate in congress in Grant's administration was an education of this whole country in finance. The 'silver' debate of this congress shows that the country profited by it. The great tariff debates in congress are an education to the country. It is the fashion to ridicule such discussions—to say that they are made for buncombe, and that the members of congress do not listen to them. Grant that this is true; still the result is a series of studies made with great care by picked men, printed in great numbers and scattered through the whole country for the reading of men and women who are not fools. Where was even a university which pretended to take in hand in such fashion the enlightenment of the voters among sixty million people?

* * *

The same power for education shows itself in a town meeting convened for a day to direct the enterprises of the town perhaps for a whole year. In the face-to-face discussion—on which depend the appropriations for this road, for that schoolhouse, the licenses of peddlers or the muzzling of dogs—the speakers are speaking to convince. They want to carry the town with them. Now the intelligent boy who listens to the eager give and take of this discussion enters into the organized life of the community in which he is. The rival interests of this district and that become realities to him. The characters and ambitions of the leaders of the town appeal to his sympathies or arouse his antipathies. And—in a day of such discipline—such a boy comes to take a kind of interest in government, in administration and social order, which no schoolbook can be expected to give to him.

I can well understand the wish of intelligent gentlemen in the middle and western states, who have attempted to introduce 'town meetings' in the machinery

of their local politics. You may not be able to change the make-up of your institutions so that the town shall vote in 'open meeting' whether the granite for the crosswalk shall be taken from the north ledge or from the south quarry. A pity that you cannot! But it would seem as if you might create an occasional meeting of 'the town' for solid discussion of its essential interests, and that you might be able to find what the Quakers would call 'the sense of the meeting.' And it is quite certain that if you did find that, all supervisors or overseers of whatever name or station would very promptly obey.

* * *

The Sons of the Revolution, a patriotic society organized within the last two or three years, has very heartily in view the fundamental education of the voter in the principles of the American system. And the leaders of the society seem to understand that, as I have said, enthusiasm for the country and its prosperity is essential if our systems of education are worth a straw. The society devotes itself to encouraging all historical celebrations which will quicken attention to the causes of the nation's success. And in particular its active members have tried to give dignity and effect to the celebration of the Fourth of July. In that case the holiday fortunately exists by a national instinct which has the confirmation of the habits of a century. We have not to create an occasion. It is the business of such men as the Sons of the Revolution to see that the holiday is not degraded into mere burlesque of the fathers of America, or, which is worse, a drunken revel of people who have no work on that day and for whom alas! there is hardly any play.

* * *

In such enterprises they have the assistance of the determination of the 'Old South' societies, the Citizenship societies, the Chautauqua circles and similar organizations to make popular the study of local and national history. A public library wherever it exists is an invaluable ally of these societies. The experience of hundreds of towns has shown that with energy and cordial co-operation among the leaders of society, boys and girls, young men and women, may be

set on the path of historical study which widens into patriotic and national enthusiasm. The ladies at the Rivington street settlement report already that the German and Italian and Bohemian boys around them ask for books of history more often than for any other books; and that by 'history' they mean the history of America, the life of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln. What can be done in Rivington street can be done anywhere. The boy who wanted the *Pirate's Own Book* last week can be made to read the War of 1812 next week. The father who brought with him from Prussia a portrait of the great Frederick, as a household god is neither surprised nor displeased when his New York-born son nails up on the wall beside it a chromolithograph of Washington.

* * *

In the practical and efficient government of the northwestern states the directors of education are trying to awake the enthusiasm for national history in their public schools. This as I said is far more necessary and far more profitable than any catechism work, which analyzes the constitution and arranges it in a series of questions and answers.

In the state of Minnesota for instance which has a large element of voters who can hardly speak the English language an arrangement has been widely carried out by which a national day comes in as a sort of holiday near the close of each term of the public school. The supervisors of education have sent to me some capital programmes for such festivals. Perhaps a flag is raised over the school-house; perhaps some friend of the scholars addresses them. From their own resources or what the lecture bureaus call 'home talent,' they can arrange an inspiring concert of national songs and can play national marches for their processions. Boys and girls can recite passages from patriotic addresses. The best readers can read to the assembly, stories or histories of the most exciting incidents in the crises of the nation's history. The accounts that I have received of such celebrations are such as make it sure that they touch the heart of the people and are a stimulus for more careful study of American history and more thoughtful

interest in the principles on which rest American success.

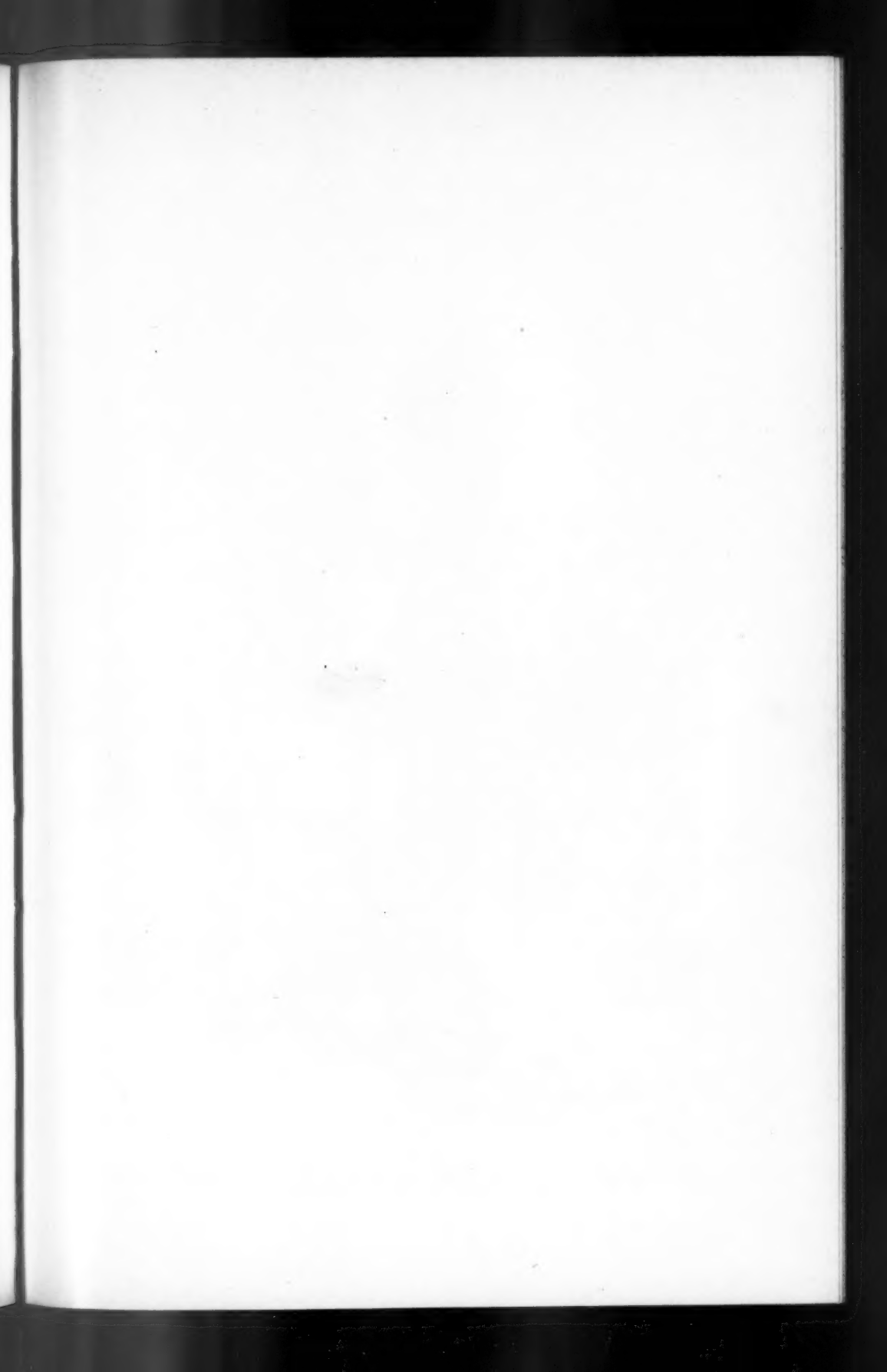
* * *

There are two systems of human government and practically there are but two. One proposes government from above below, where a monarch or an aristocracy—benevolent if you please—undertakes to regulate or perhaps direct the life and movement of the nation and of all the people in the nation. This system is, speaking roughly, the system of all Europe, whether a state be called a republic or an empire. The other system is the government of the people, for the people, by the people. It is the system of the United States. It is different at every point of detail, as it is different in its fundamental principles, from the feudal or monarchical systems. The analogies are misleading. A king is one thing and a president is quite another; one is a ruler of the nation, the other is the chief magistrate of the nation, and is ruled himself, and knows he is.

Some Americans have written some treatises on government, in which the American system can be studied. Three men born in Europe have learned that it differs wholly from that to which they were born. De Tocqueville's *Democracy*, Von Holst's *History of the Constitution*, Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, are studies of all the more value because they were made from the outside.

At home from the work of our own writers the American system may be studied in its principles in such books as Mulford's *Nation*, Stille's and Taylor's essays published during the rebellion; in many of the best orations and speeches, notably Webster's, Lincoln's and Garfield's; and in some of the older books, such as Alexander Everett's *Europe and his America*. In some of the old Fourth of July orations, which became classical, and in some of the historical addresses of the centennial period there are excellent pictures of the growth of the national life and the elements of national success. Mr. Weedon's new history of New England in *Its Economic and Social Relations* is an invaluable guide in the same direction.

But such are not the books which fill up the shelves even of the political subdivisions of our great public libraries.





"I THINK HIS SATANIC MAJESTY HIMSELF SENDS A SPECIAL MESSENGER SOMETIMES TO PRESIDE
OVER A WOMAN'S TOILET." (See "A Successful Man.")